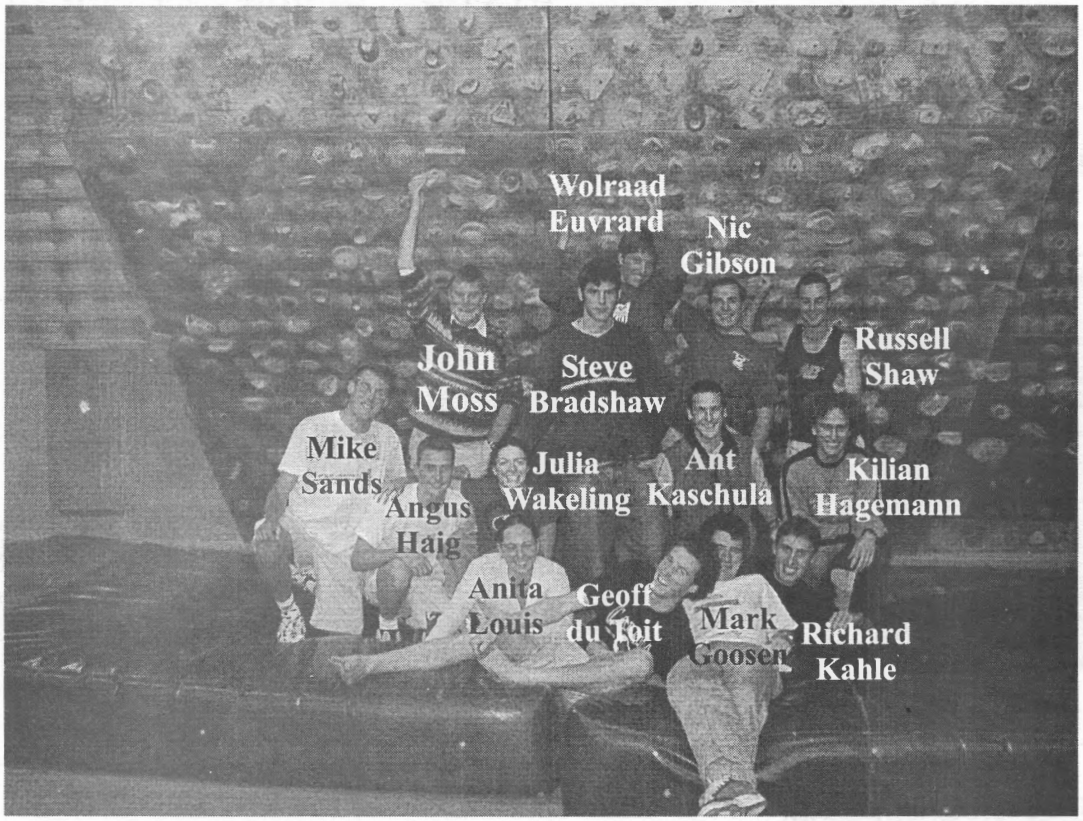
UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN



MOUNTAIN AND SKI CLUB
2002 JOURNAL

Happy 70th Birthday to the MSC for 2003!

Committee 2002



Committee 2003



Editorial

Articles + photos + Jacek + Mieke + Bronwyn + Sonja + Nic + Bruce + Julia + big fuck-off computers = 2002 Journal

Thanks guys!





Mieke, Julia, Bronwyn

MSC 2002 Secretaries Report:

This year was a specially productive one as far as the secretary's portfolio goes: 5 fish moths were hunted down and annihilated, ensuring the end of terror for the club's ancient archives and documents. New colour dividers were purchased to spruce up the old files somewhat, and the electronic resources of the club were transferred from tape and 620 kb floppy disks onto one super modern, high density stiffy disk. So the club is fully Y2K compliant, and ready for the millennia to come.

Nic "Quick Fingers" (or "Typo") Gibson

Development Report:

Ed and Dev has never had any particular precedent, which is a great because it allows you to do what you want unhindered, though you can only do so when you have a good idea of what it is you want to do!!!
In the course of the year we've hosted first aid and mountain rescue courses, drawing on the expertise of EMT and MCSA Search and Rescue members. Development meets were also launched to promote hiking amongst students who may otherwise not have been exposed to the mountains. During O-week res hikes were taken and over the course of the year hikes were also led for Clarinus, Clarendon and Forest Hill as well as ROCSA. Thanks to all those who've helped out with Ed and Dev this year.

Already development is becoming more important and there is a lot of pressure on Student Society to become more representative. In order to do so we have to be more inviting and accessible to all students, enticing them by showing them some of what we do, and creating greater exposure for the club. However, improving representation is a group effort and we will struggle without the significant support and enthusiasm of much of the present membership.

See you on the Mountains,
Geoff

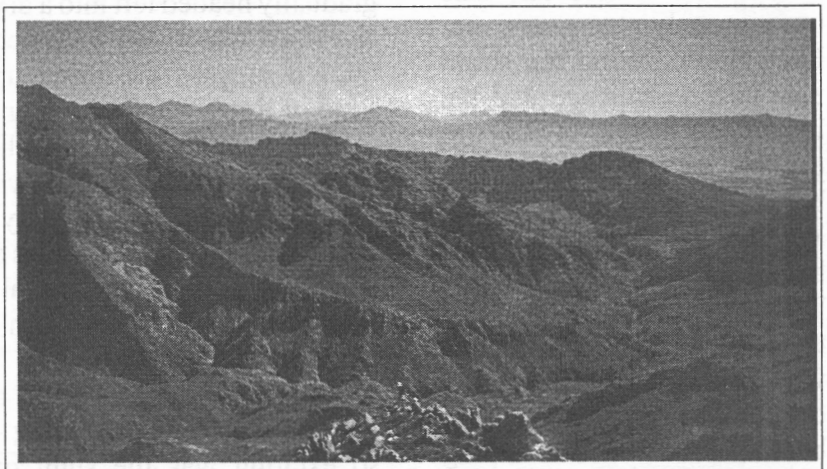
WITELS VIA TARANTULA AND SCORPION

Leader: Kevin Iles
Group: Caleb Lyness, Colette Gordon, Marko ?, Richard Kahle, Kilian Hagemann, Nicole
Author: Kevin Iles

It was about 19:30 on Thursday evening 20 December when Caleb, Colette, Marko and I pulled into the parking lot at Waaihoek to be greeted by that familiar and impressive sight that makes one feel like you're coming home: pieces of broken window glass, and a bakkie with its back wheels on logs, a note from Rob Meyer on its windscreen. Within a short space of time Richard Kahle arrived, Kilian and Nicole in tow, all three emotionally exhausted after a one hour marathon session of listening to Rob Meyer sound off about the evils of the Mountain and Ski Club (and they'd just gone to give him a pressie and wish him a merry Christmas!). Leaving Kilian and the others to head up to the hut, Richard and I made off in the direction of Ceres to deliver Christmas gifts to the farmers at Kweperfontein and Merwede, and after a decidedly suspect take away supper from Ceres Fisheries were back at the parking lot ready to start our ascent at 23:30, the torchlights of the others visible high up at Grassy Triangle. Richard and I stumbled and crashed our way up to the hut in the darkness, frightening a porcupine and stopping at Middle Pool for Richard to take a dip, and reached Hoare in roughly three hours and slept outside under a spectacular sky and a fresh breeze.

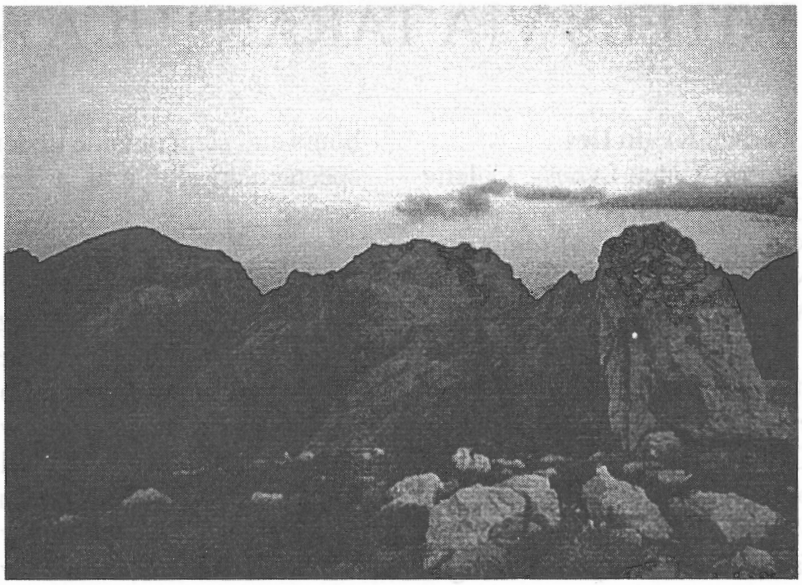
By six o'clock the next morning it was already light and I was rousing the others from sleep to get ready for our day's mission. A breakfast was hastily eaten, and all our bottles filled to capacity from the tank in the river while the hut was cleaned. All too soon it was time to say goodbye to the hut, shoulder our heavy bags and head up to the summit of Waaihoek peak. The day was perfect and the view from the top of the peak was one which could never possibly be bundled up in words and committed to paper. In front of us stretched the wide expanse of the property and below the completely dry upper reaches of the Witels river. We sat on top and I pointed out to the others the route into the kloof that I planned. It filled them with excitement and me with fear. I had hiked a very similar path three years before with Olly Leinberger and Alan Matthews and the hellishness of the route had remained with me in the form of a now slightly skew, but mended, broken toe.

As anyone who has made a descent of the eastern side of Waaihoek peak knows, it is (a) not easy at all, and (b) absolutely vital that you avoid the slabs. I had discussed the route with Alan and he had said it was essential that I don't attempt the descent before reaching the third little gully down. So on reaching the third ravine we headed down, progress being good but extremely steep. It was overgrown and super spiky and we were falling and sliding and sweating in the baking heat, knees throbbing from the acute slope and heavy packloads. As we approached the bottom though, the neck to Scorpion peak being now tangible and oh so close, it became clear that the bottom of this gully met the slabs and further progress down looked impossible. The



The Witels valley J.Wakeling

fourth gully, now that I could see up it, was the one to take hindsight is a marvellous thing! Anyway, there was absolutely no way I was going back up that slope and so we carried on down in blissful denial. Fortunately Richard successfully negotiated a way across the slabs that, even now knowing it can be done, I would not quickly attempt again. It was exposed and very risky, and a single mistake could well have been terminal, but then hey - we'd come for adventure!



Buffelshoek and Sentinel Kevin Iles

We reached a patch of shade at the base of the fourth gully - at last at the nek up to Scorpion. We were about half way through our water with no prospect of finding any more until we, hopefully, reached the kloof. It was time for a council of war. We could go on, in which case there was no prospect of turning back and running out of water was a real possibility; or we could head up the fourth gully onto Waaihoek peak and back to the hut. I was eagerly hoping the group would go for the onward and upward option, and to their credit the decision was unanimously to press on. Even those feeling the strain rose to the challenge and the hike ratcheted up from difficult to somewhere between difficult and extreme. We headed up the slope between Scorpion and Tarantula having to work hard to regain the 400 odd metres we had lost in altitude on the descent. With Tarantula behind us we were soon sitting on the summit of Scorpion dreaming in the heat of ice cream, cold drinks and the Witels river (now 3km due east) and being tormented by the view of the sea behind us.

The route I had chosen led east-north-east down the spur extending from Scorpion peak. I wanted to stay to the left of the Sunbird valley which Alan, Olly and I had ended up in on our last trip this way. (Progress down this valley is blocked by Rapunzel falls and necessitates either a long abseil or a very unpleasant climb out of the valley.) We gradually headed left into a dry river-bed which we followed until it crossed the dried up head of Rapunzel falls. From there it was an easterly walk along a hecticly overgrown slope where thankfully, miraculously we came across a small pool with a tiny waterfall where we could at last drink unrestricted from our bottles. I probably polished off about a litre and a half in one sitting - so exciting was the sight of water. From there, spirits somewhat more buoyant, it was an unremarkable up-down bundubash along the level of the 1000 metre contour until we followed a river bed down to the lower terrace above the Witels at the 900 metre contour where we made camp just after a tiny stream directly above the first swims. (Isolated pines of about medium size were visible amongst the protea for much of this part of the trip and a pine hacking expedition onto these slopes is clearly going to be necessary in the future.)

Next morning was Caleb's birthday, and after a banana loaf birthday cake and the present of the chocolates that Rob Meyer had rejected for Christmas, we continued our bundu bash north to where I knew the entrance must lie. Kilian and Richard found it first, and while the descent was harsh and steep and overgrown, it is very hikeable and makes a good entrance into the kloof from the western bank of the Witels. (Droo's Pass is slightly further on and my experience of the kloof

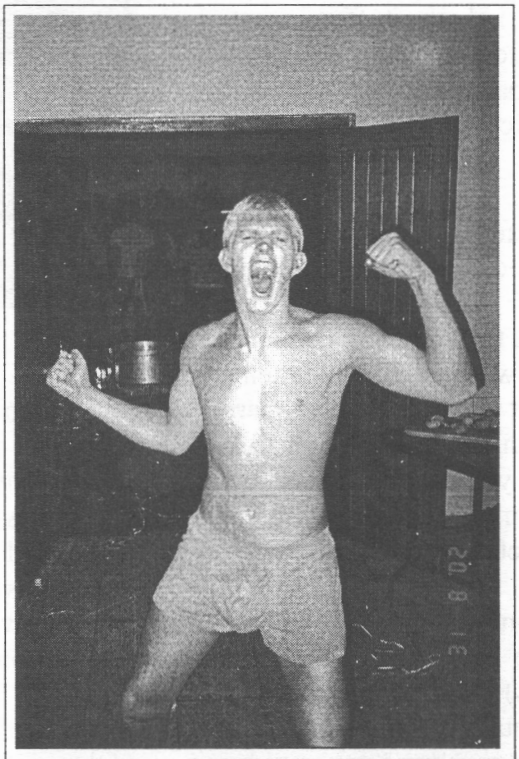
leads me to think that these are probably the only two entrances into the upper and middle reaches of the river from the western bank.) It brings you into the river directly at the downstream end of tunnel swim, and we were soon basking on the rocks at Groenwater having lunch and looking up at the slopes where we had hiked the day before. The wades were quickly crossed and as Disa Camp was occupied we stayed upstream at Corkscrew Camp where we had a relaxing, chilled night.

Sunday the 23rd we left the camp by about 09:00 and had an unremarkable hard, hot slog for three hours up to the top of Happy Hill where, looking back, our route over the previous two days gradually unfolded and fell into perspective and a large solitary pine revealed itself on the eastern buttress off Happy Hill. We reached the Croquet Green, hiked past a dead and decaying klipspringer, and were soon at the pool at Pells. While Kilian and Richard went to investigate some tents Caleb had spotted pitched lower on the river from Pells, the rest of us headed down to Middle Pool for lunch and then home to Cape Town for Christmas Eve. A tough trip, offering all the thrills of Zuurberg, and an excellent early Christmas present!

Things That Are Difficult to Say When Drunk:
- Indubitably;
- Innovative;
- Preliminary;
- British;
- Cinnamon.

Things That Are VERY Difficult to Say When You're Drunk:
- Specificity;
- Cogito ergo sum;
- Proliferation;
- Constitution;
- Passive-aggressive disorder;
- Loquacious;
- Transubstantiate.

Things That Are Downright IMPOSSIBLE to Say When You're Drunk:
- Thanks, but I don't want to have sex;
- Nope, no more booze for me;
- Sorry, but you're not really my type;
- Good evening, officer, isn't it lovely out tonight?
- Oh, I just couldn't-no one wants to hear me sing!



Nic Botha
(taken by some other drunk MSC'er)

<u>Thaw</u>

(Edward Thomas)

Over the land freckled with snow half-thawed
The speculating rooks at their nests cawed
And saw from elm-tops, delicate as flower of grass,

FEBRUARY

FRESHERS' COUNTRY MEET

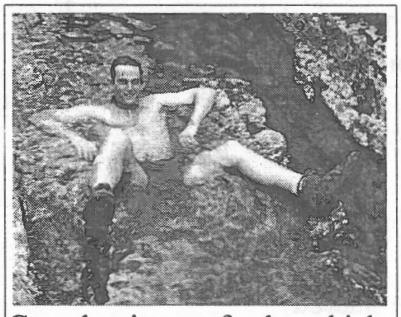
Leaders: Everyone who knows where to go
Group: Everyone who doesn't know where to go
Author: Astrid Gordon

This is going to be a great year.

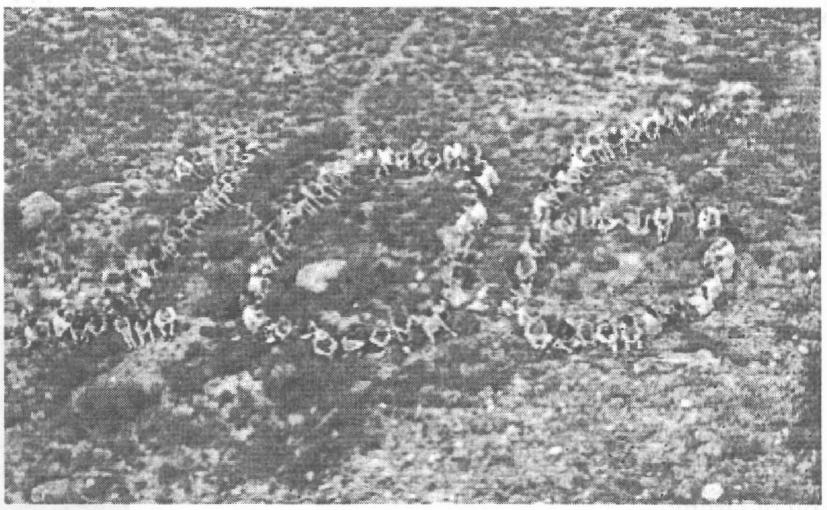
It all kicked off at 7:30 am at the Info Centre on a clear Saturday morning in February. The hardcore hikers and the freshers were separated only by the pack size they carried. The experienced had a backpack from head to ass, while I (being the naïve fresher I am) had stuffed what I deemed sufficient into a backpack smaller than most peoples rubbish bags. What a start!

We had lunch and marinated in the cool water of the "freshers' dam". However, swimming about the dam was odd - there were warmish bits and then icy bits at intervals for no apparent reason, which could get freaky since you can't really see to the bottom. I watch too many low-budget horror flicks.

At 2pm we started the real hike, a two hour (well it took me 2 hours) climb to the top of the mountain. Ironically, every time you climb and think you have nearly made it to the top, it's not really the top. Not even a little bit. It's all a cruel joke on your part, because as soon as you get to the so-called top, another is waiting twice as far away. At 4:30 I reached the CORRECT top and boy was all the hard work worth it! The most breathtakingly beautiful rock pool was right at my feet. It had a small waterfall and the water was icy, just what all of us needed after our trek. The water was cool and refreshing and put everyone into a jovial and laid-back mood.



Gav chatting up fresher chicks
Nic Botha



How many freshers ??? Nic Botha

But wait. I have said nothing of the people on this trip! They surely gave me a weekend of a lifetime. There were about 15 Americans on the hike, if not more, and they taught me many useful and interesting pieces of trivia. For instance, have you ever had a fluffer nutter??? (It's not half as kinky as it sounds.) I also met guys who were affectionately termed - Naked Dave, Hardcore Dave and someone called Naughty Neil just for fun. (Read as much into that as you will.)

We sang songs around a campfire - sorry a lantern, no fires on the mountain - and by the time we had consumed a sufficient amount of wine - I mean grape juice - all any of us could remember was the chorus of any given song. A massage circle was started around the karaoke bar, started by a clever chap whose name I forget and what later turned into a sort of clinic for the ached.

And not many will forget a certain nameless guy who instead of tucking everybody in, insisted that we all be steamrolled. Basically this meant rolling over a good percentage of the camp and "jack hammering" a sleeping girl (shaking her and nothing else, ok!) until she woke up. This nameless bloke then

passed out about what I believe to be 2m from his sleeping bag. (You know who you are!) (Ed's note: lets's not forget about Dave Acott's cow impersonation throughout the night!).

An early start back to the dam was undertaken in the morning where we all swam and finished off the rest of our food. Numbers were exchanged, hugs were a dime a dozen, and we all left for home with happy hearts and bruised bones. A stop in Ceres for ice-cream and cooldrinks and it was almost officially over.

So now I am back in reality with blisters, backache, a craving for caffeine and many real and exciting friends. Like I said, it's going to be one great year!

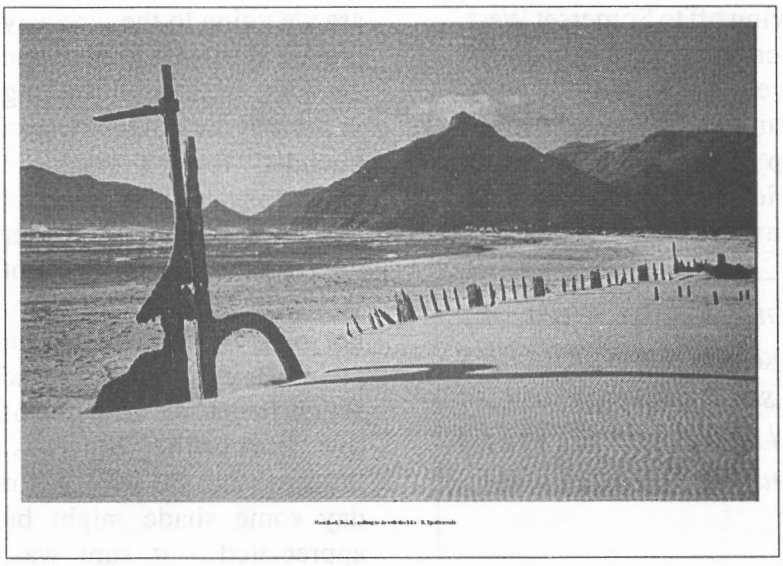
MARCH

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE TRAIL

Leader: Russel Shaw
Group: Paul Sheer, Barry Steyn, Colette Gordon, Kai Zhu, Clive Robertson
Author: Paul Sheer originally, but vigorously edited!!!

"Ring, ring". Hike lateness is the only reason why the telephones ring at 7 a.m. on a Saturday morning. A voice wanted Paul and sounded irritated, demanding, and accusing, but politely held back these emotions! Instead of meeting at the Info Centre, it was arranged that I would meet the group at the start of the hike...

Our six members arrived at the reserve boom, and I saw that the voice I had spoken to earlier belonged to Russell. A lone girl suggested a weekend of men trying to get most of her attention, while being careful to not put themselves in a position to be accused of such. We set going in the searing heat of the sun. By 11 o'clock my backpack was sweat soaked. We trudged grudgingly through the fynbos in the sweltering heat, travelling west across the top of the reserve towards the Atlantic coast. (I wanted to come on this hike to see the Point from this perspective.) At about tea time, we eventually reached the magnificent beaches of the southern most point of the Peninsula.



I soon discovered that Colette, as an English major, was capable of seeing literary allegory; which is always a fun thing to share, and well worth good conversation. Barry was highly amusing to watch - his backpack was far too big for him, so that from behind there was no evidence of arms or head, and this made him into a walking pack. Kai was another fascinating person. He was

constantly wandering off to study random plants and rock crevices. I later discovered that he was going to major in physics, and had quite a bit to say of interest about his home country (China) and their politics. He also had weird eating habits involving bully beef.

By the late afternoon, to no concern of the crew, Colette had reduced herself to a leopard skin bikini and boots. Russell was clearly enjoying the breathtaking view (of the sea and mountains) and Barry was speculating about whether Barry Corporation International would make more money building custom motherboards or using off the shelf PCs. Clive had been replaced by a new person with a bright red neck and legs who was complaining about the lack of availability of beer, and Kai was... (well where the hell was Kai???).

The hut was simply great: not a hut at all, but a full blown residential chalet, with a view of the sun setting over the Atlantic. While I ate my own vegetarian food, Barry concocted the most wholesome pasta sauce I had ever seen, which he shared amongst everyone. "Snore, snore". Hike overnights are the only time you are liable to wake to the thunderous rolling drone of a throttled larynx. I tried to get up to give the snore a piece of my shoe, but whenever I did, it seemed to detect my coming and go silent. Colette also had something to say about the whole evening, although she was completely asleep, so I'll have to keep those details secret!!

The next day had excellent swimming in the Indian tide pools, and Mega ice-creams at the end. The Point will always be a spectacular visit. Thanks to Russell for taking us on this majestic trip, and everyone else for making me have such a fun time.

MARCH

HELDERBERG DOME

Leader: Lotti (Bridget) Magni
Group: Jacek Stankiewicz, Samantha Becker, Seleko, Luke Henkeman, Howard Smith, Germans a-plenty.
Author: Jacek Stankiewicz

I was a little bemused when Samantha informed me that she volunteered me to go on Bridget's hike in case things hit the fan and somebody needed to give one of the big hairy German tourists mouth-to-mouth. But then since when do men have anything to say in this world anyway?

So one fine Saturday morning a group of hung-over students was seen driving off to Somerset West. After dodging turtles on the drive to the start of the walk, obtaining a totally useless map (no contours, walks on the lower slopes not to scale with the trail going to the top, etc. etc.) from the reception, arguing as to which mountain is which, and why are we going to the far-away big one if there is a small one close by, we started walking in the labyrinth of jeep tracks intended for 80 year old ladies to walk their dogs and husbands. As we got higher the ladies passing us got younger, and eventually we got onto the real mountain path. Bridget opted for the Helderberg Cave variation of the Porcupine buttress, thinking that on such a hot day some shade might be appreciated - it sure was.

> *"I needed to clear my head, get some priorities ... so I dropped out of college and went climbing."* Ryan Frost

The path was steep, full of spikey plants, and generally difficult to follow, but our leader did not let us down, and we eventually emerged in the neck between West Peak and Central Peaks (who comes up with those catchy names?). At this point water supplies were low (seeing the reliable stream on the lower slopes was dry), and merits of bagging West Peak were discussed. The issue was put to a democratic one-man-one-vote election, and Bridget, being The Man, cast The Vote in favour of the Dome.

Traversing under the ridge we found a waterfall-thingy that sprayed a bit of water from a ledge 20m above us - not a very efficient way of collecting water, but it's not like we had a choice. We eventually emerged at the other neck (between Centrals and the Dome), and it was time for the final assault. Here some people decided to call it a good day's achievement and wait, while the rest followed the slave-driver to the top. Once there we had an awesome view which I won't describe - get your lazy butts out there and see for yourselves!

MARCH

A HUT, A PEAK AND A NEW SIDE TO JACEK
A TRIP TO PERRY REFUGE

Leader: Jacek Stankiewicz
Group: Richard Milne, Iming Lin, Julia Wakeling, Kevin Iles
Author: Kevin Iles

In life there are some universal truths that I've learnt to recognise. You know the sort I mean, things like the phone will always ring once you're in the shower; Gavin can always carry one more kilogram and Kilian will be found on Jammie stairs even when it's raining. Well dudes, the universe has changed. That immutable equation "Jacek does not like people" no longer holds true. It is now officially on record that Jacek stated, in front of 4 witnesses *nogal*, that we were "a great group". He'll probably want to hunt me down and ju-jitsu me for reporting his words so it's just as well I'll be graduated and gone by the time he reads this, but if you don't believe me hike to Perry and you'll find those immortal words written in the log - in his hand. And here's how it happened:



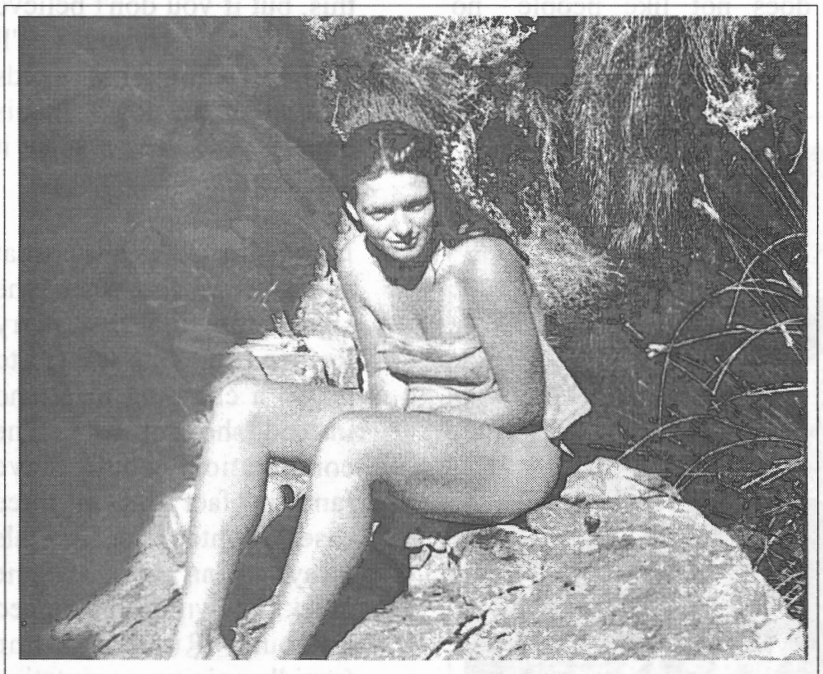
The refugees Jacek

Iming did not realise what she was in for when she signed up for the Perry Refuge trip. She wanted to go on a climbing meet and instead she got us. The combination would have (and in fact did in three cases) frighten lesser mortals away. Can you imagine Jacek (known for his rugged humour), Richard Milne (rapidly gaining a reputation that exceeds that of Beau

Brummel), Julia (something like Atomic Kitten on speed) and me (balanced, right-thinking individual that I am) (Ed's note: ???). Of course, the names meant nothing to Iming, being a foreign student, and that made all the difference. I don't think that either she or her therapist regret her decision.

After a brief and polite exchange of words with Rob Meyer we headed up the Waaihoek ascent on Friday evening, dark setting in at around agony rocks. The moon was bright and the stars out in force, and Point Hi once again had that lovely "coming home" sort of feel to it that it gets after a few ascents. My attempts to get the others to join in my headhunters happy dance fell completely flat, but that was no matter as the Hut was calling and we were keen to get hiking anyway in the cold air. Julia had been singing MacNamara's Band since base hut in preparation for Hoare and so we were soon on our way. Iming got a less than optimal introduction to the Hut as we had to break in - some double-decker dork having dead-bolted the door from the inside.

Next morning we were woken at five o'clock to begin our mission to Perry. The croquet green flew by quickly and we were soon on the slopes of Mount Superior, the Witels valley spread out to our left. Progress was fairly rapid along the good-ish track as Jacek played spot-the-cairn out in front and Julia did sterling path-builder work at the back packing rocks onto the cairns to aid in our return journey. To our left the peaks just kept unfolding range upon range upon range, from the Cedarberg all the way to the Winterhoeks and Witzenberg. Soon we reached the first of Jacek's ominous gorges from hell. The first one was something like a lunchtime lecture on Friday - you CAN do it, but you really would rather not. The second gorge was just totally uncalled for. Hell came in the form of a scree slope and a skin-ripping, bush-raking (and in Richard's case frequent-falling) descent and traverse onto the property's eastern boundary. From there it was a traverse over the top of Jan du Toit's kloof while the scenery simply got better and better and better, and the "path" graced us with very intermittent cameo appearances. (Shy path that. Just look at it too long and it quickly ducks away under the prickly hiker's friend bushes.) Finally though we crested the ridge below Sentinel and Richard and I sited Perry, and a large water-hole to wallow in, and made short work of the last descent.



Pity she didn't go for a smaller size shirt Jacek

Then it was lunch and swim and tea and a general arb. Our strength was soon restored and as evening approached we left Iming to sketch and headed for the summit of Brodie. I thought that it was impossible for the country to impress me any more, but that walk (slog) up Brodie just absolutely took the biscuit. You have not lived until you've stood on that summit. It was one of those views where you reach the top and almost want to fall to your knees afraid to speak lest somehow in



Rich Milne, Jacek and Kevin on Mt Brodie J. Wakeling

speaking you ruin the view. John Ruskin was right, "Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery." Why do more people not come this way instead of going to the hut endlessly. Enough already! We're not impressed anymore by seeing in the book "Ja bru, came back to the hut and it's like, fully cool bru. John Smith 436 ½." Get your butts out there - you'll go for the view and maybe get a whole lot more of an eyeful. We did, though we're not telling!

The songbook was hauled out after supper (which involved enormous quantities of food followed by chocolate pudding and caramel) for a sing-along compliments of Julia and then, of course, came booze, bonding and banana ... No, I can't tell you. We got to know each other really well (that's really well in the strong sense, not in the pre-exam borderline-pass "I know my work really well" sense) but I'm sworn to secrecy so if you're looking for hints as to what happened you'll be forced to hike to Perry and peruse the logbook. But be warned, the clues will drive you mad, and once you've hiked that route once you won't be able to stay away. All I can say is that the night involved jokes that were offensive in every possible way, modelling of Jacek's tie-dyed underwear and warm inner thighs.

The way back was much as before although this time rain brooded in the sky and, having been overfilled with mountains yesterday, I noticed more of the protea, sugarbushes and flowering bulbs. The sun broke out of the cloud to punish us on the big hill back out of the gorge from hell (big being the operative word) and by the time we reached the slopes of Mount Superior it was raining. Julia and I took time out to maul to death a pine tree on our return, and by the time we all reached Pells for lunch the rain had abated. We were tempted to stay in Hoare and only hike down the next morning but Richard prevailed on us, and with reluctance we returned to civilisation below. Wellington, ice-cream, a crowd of local prostitutes and all too soon we were home. As Julia said on the summit of Brodie, she wants to soak in the view and store it in a bottle so that when life is bad she can pull it out and remind herself of it. She's right I think. Mountains are in my blood and in my brain, and already I need to go back.

Perry Refuge

It seems almost irreverent and somehow obscene
To try and write of where we've walked
and the beauty that we've seen.
Of how, by witnessing that world,
We've stepped across a line that will always separate
Us from them:
We who can now summon back the memory
Of vaulting rock walls, nature laid bare
And a world spread out beneath our feet;
And those who remain oppressed by the grey of city streets.
And even so I'm afraid to let my mind return
For it was so glorious there that I know
That if I slip for even one moment
Into the memory of that place
I shall want to leave this world forever,
Close my face to live's dull lifelessness
And lose myself again in that embrace.

Kevin Iles

MARCH

Tokai Mountain Biking
Constantiaberg Mast (well almost) via Tokai on a Saddle

Leader: Geoff du Toit
Group: "Lotti" Magni, Kevin Reeves
Author: Kevin Reeves

Skidding down muddy, dusty trails were the first things that came to mind, involving a mountain and a mountain bike.

Aiming for the sky, our trio set out for the Constantiaberg peak. What a reward it was, after climbing for not a short period, to see the whole of Cape Town spewed before you, outlined to one side by the breakers of False Bay.

We crossed onto the Silvermine property and with the Mast almost within reach, a very seductive dam inadvertently side-tracked us. So, instead of conquering the peak, we did a "mini-Midmar," as we swam in Cape Town's drinking water.


Elephant J.Wakeling

Speeding down a narrow, bumpy, little dirt-trail was more adrenalizing than I had ever imagined, and we only did the intermediate downhill trail! All in all, after the dust and sweat had been washed off, the beauty of the Tokai forest, and the exhilarating memories held.

APRIL

SKI LIFT WORK PARTY

Leader: Kilian Hagemann
Group: Michael Marconi, Caleb Lyness, Luke Hutchison, Greg Hutton-Squire, Kenneth Kirsten, Colette Consani, Stephan Frantisek, Steve Marconi?, Ewan Goddard, Jonathan St Clair, Jen Aston, Adam Collins, Dave Gwynn-Evans, Margret Merry, Bronwen Vaughan, Sam Adams, Neil Botha, Robert Taylor, Peter Hagen, Nicholas Laidler, Stephanie Megies
Author: Robert Taylor

It was an early meet at the info centre on Friday morning so that we could get an early start to Hoare Hut. Before we set off on our hike Sam enlightened us that what we all know as crunchies are not actually crunchies but really flap jacks. So the question is then, what are flap jacks called, eh?

At Hoare Hut the work included dragging the old ski lift cable down to the helipad, a small mission in itself. The cable ended up coiling up into one huge mess making it difficult to move. The moral of the story is keep it straight. Other trash such as the old motor suffered from various sorts of verbal and physical abuse as they were bounced to the helipad in various bits and pieces. We also sanded the deck but luckily the sandpaper ran out halfway through the day or else the slave driver (Kilian) would have had us sanding all night too! The staircase was removed whilst it was being fixed. It was too late before Kenny came to the startling realisation that the staircase was no longer there (Oh my God, who killed Kenny!).

On Saturday evening a bottle of sherry went down very nicely at the top of the mountain as we watched the sunset. Every evening some

tasty Gluwine was made and one person who stayed at the hut on Saturday ended up a bit more MERRY than others owing to white wine, port and Gluwine (fumes). No doubt the Headache God collected his payment the following morning.

During the course of the weekend people using the bar to get up to the loft provided the groundlings with much amusement. Several people got stuck in various amusing positions on the bar including one interesting position by Peter after which some of us doubt whether he will be able to father any children. Sam also had an interesting swing on the bar. There were cries from the audience to avoid the nearby bucket of water. Needless the say the result was one wet foot, a soaked hut, a drenched jacket (which happened to be outside at the time) and plenty of embarrassment and laughter.

Nic's antics during the weekend showed his disapproval at being called by his nickname "Clotworthy" sorry mate the name has stuck (for good reasons too).

Disappointedly the trip had to come to an end (varsity the next day) and on our walk down the party split into two groups. Jenny in our group took a few falls and tumbles down the mountainside - is there no end to the things that some people do for attention?

See you all skiing later this year!

"For a chance to climb Everest I would have taken on any job from dishwasher to yeti-keeper." Tenzing Norgay



Josh using up ski credits Wolraad Euvrard



(Well, it used to be anyway) Wolraad Euvrard

"Dear Mommy. Thanks for letting me go hiking with Granny and Grandpa. They're so cool. They gave me mathematical sweets. And I even ate my vegetables. I don't want to come home." HH Log Book, Anita 20/4/2002

APRIL VAC

KLIPSPRINGER TRAIL

Leader: Ruth Woudstra
Group: Howard Smith, Sean Muller, Christof , Kai, Maryjka Blaszczyk
Author: Ruth Woudstra

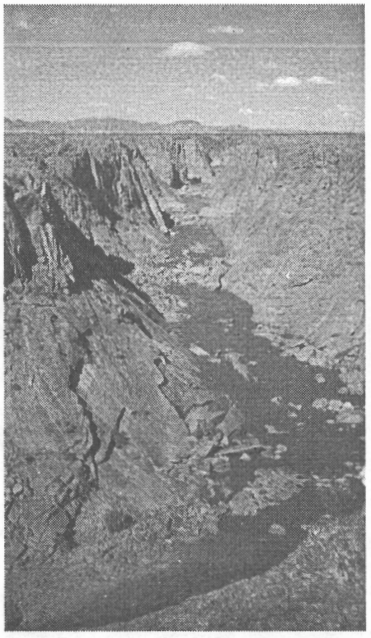
It was not a boring hike. Hot yes. Bothersome yes. Fly-ridden yes yes yes! But boring, no. The Klipspringer Trail is situated in the Augrabies National Park in the Northern Cape and was braved by six MSC members just after the opening of the trail for 'winter.' Maryjka, Kai, Howard, Christof, Sean and myself were, it was to turn out, the subjects of many an adventure... one in particular that was to remain wholly unforgettable.

But before we get to the juicy bits (no, not those kind of bits...), let me introduce you to the group: First of all, there was **Howard**, our own Rainbow friendly architect cinqogenarian (?!) that had to pull out on the first day due to one busted boot and another almost-busted boot, and who spent two days in peace and quiet checking out the various points of interest in the park (lucky bastard!). Howard was also the one who restored peace with our Czech fellow-campers the morning after the main hike commotion (the foreigners, trying their best at sarcasm, had found our noise-levels 'beautiful'). Then there was **Christof**, suitably dubbed "Peenman" (as in "Yes, Mrs Peenman" from Jim Carey's *The Mask*) because he was the Pianoman. He had no piano, this is true, but he remained our source and instigator of much a colourful conversation about music. Third there was **Sean**, our tall dark and handsome yet queasy-when-he-gets-to-hospitals trekker. Sean was also the one who insisted that it was okay to swim to the other side of the Orange, which looked decidedly DODGE with its currents and baby-poo appearance (Orange my *ass!*)

Next there was **Kai**, who, without a doubt, provided most of the entertainment on the trip. It started on the first night when, as we all took out cans of ratatouille and cous-cous, Kai exhibited his assortment of toasted sandwiches (or "toasters" as he named them) that were to last for the next four days. Needless to say we helped him finish them before they went off, and found most original yet surprisingly simple toppings on some (lettuce and butter, mmm...!) Kai's camera-manoevering for group shots in what sometimes resembled a true Jacky Chang-style, as well as his quest to kill as many flies as possible with his flip-flop (while we were *dossing*, mind you!) were among the highlights of the trail. But what really took the cake (or the cereal, should I say) was Kai consuming a piece of Weetbix in fish-oil... I'll say no more...

Finally there was **Maryjka** and **I**, the two tjicks *ek sê*. Maryjka will come in a little later as our adventure unfolds, and about me there's not too much to say except that the only reason I wanted to lead this hike was because I was told you *can't* get lost. Needless to say, with a *rigting-bedonderde* individual like me in the lead, we inevitably did. But this was no major stress since the group proved to have an excellent sense of direction and made up for their sorely inadequate and continually paranoid-about-nothing leadress.

The real action, as you might have figured out by now, was the scorpion bite. It was the second night. The weather was unsettling, and no one (including Monsieur Le



The Augrabies gorge
Anonymous

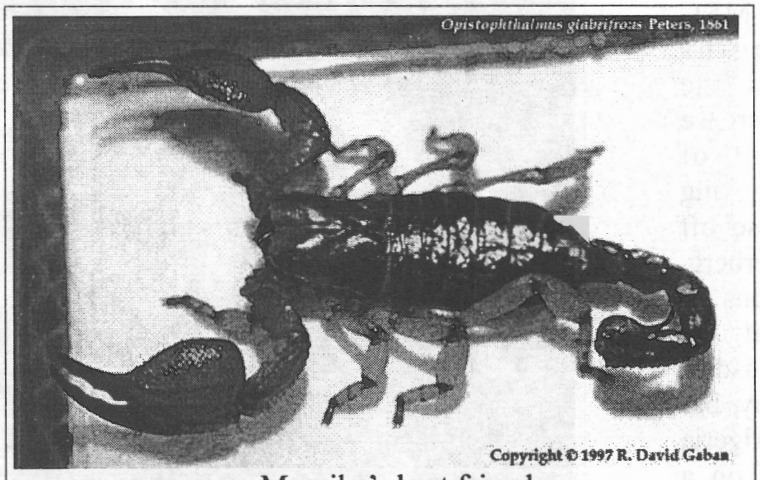


Ruth - the man in charge
self portrait

Scorpion) was sure whether it was going to rain or not (which is why he, or *it*, should I say, decided to enter our overhead covered-territory). While munching on our long-awaited pasta and sauce, Sean felt something on his leg but we sort of laughed it off because with flies all over the place, what difference could one gogga make...? Maryjka mentioned a similar occurrence, and when she started complaining about the pain going up her leg, alarm bells rang. While frantically trying to organize torches and water for Peenman and Kai to run back to base camp for help, we spotted the culprit - the biggest mother of a scorpion you have *ever* seen (and it had these milky white segments to make it look extra-eeri). After discovery, his moments were numbered. Sean took his boot and killed the creature instantly. While Peenman and (Chang) ran for help, Sean and I attempted to keep the victim calm with breathing exercises and massaging (never before have I been so scared to rest for a tad - as I stopped massaging, even for an instant, Maryjka screamed of the pain - so you can imagine how bloody sore the sting was!).

The boys returned surprisingly soon, and, with the help of a night-safari truck and the rangers at base camp, we got Maryjka to the closest hospital in no time. She was mercifully injected with the last anti-serum in the whole of the Cape Province, but had to stay in the hospital bed for three days (which gave the rest of the group a chance to check out the local town, the name of which, for the life of me, I cannot remember.

Anyway... In two separate cars we returned home, glad to be near medical and other facilities, lest any more unfortunate occurences were to take place any time soon. Each fellow hiker also soon became educated in the first-aid ways of the scorpion bite (no Neil, not your drink-a-bottle-of-Shnapps-and-pass-out manouevre!) Above all, everybody, and I especially, came to be wary of walking barefoot *just sommer anywhere* - you never know when the scorpion may strike!



Maryjka's best friend

CEDERBERG

The Adventures of Maid Marian and her Merry Men

Reviewed by: Douglas Hildebrand

Director: Marian Penso
Cast: Ake Fagereng, Carmen Muller, Chris Young, Doug Hilderbrand, Julia Wakeling, Nic Botha, Paul Sheer, Sonja Niedermeyer and Stud Muffy (Mike Sands).

Rating: *****

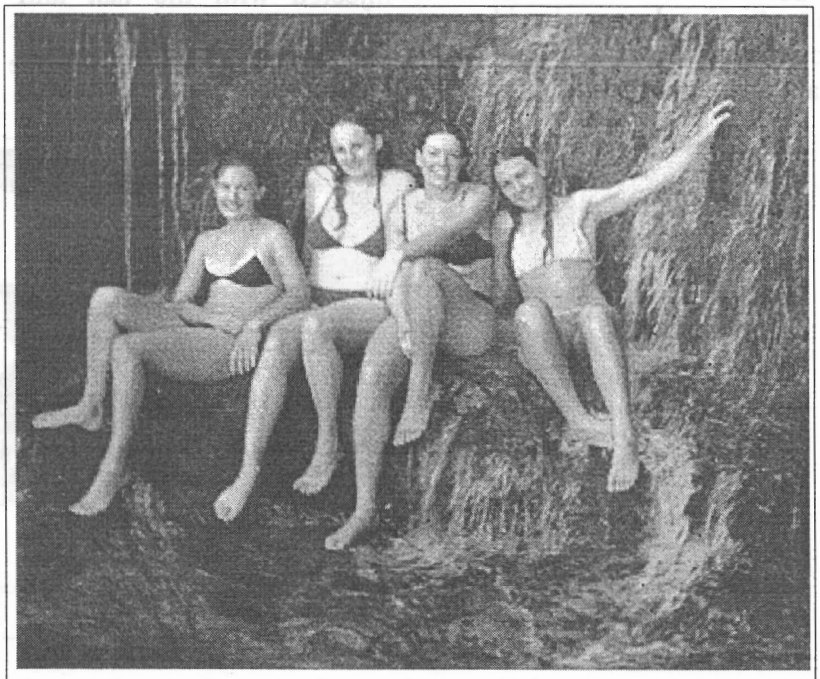
"This film is brimful of adventure, comedy and action. Shot in a beautiful location with a star-studded cast, it is a must for all who have not yet tried it."

Day 1 Happy Birthday Marian

As the opening credits roll, the audience is enchanted by the song, "I like the flowers, I like the daffodils", a theme that recurs throughout the film. The opening scene, as is common with MSC productions, begins ludicrously early at the Information Centre. Here we first meet our cast of devastatingly good-looking members, before they set off for the magical Cederberg. Differing interpretations of the phrase "meet at the Caltex outside of Citrusdal" lead to a bit of a delay, but soon they arrive at Algeria campsite and set off on a steady climb up the mountainside. They lunch and cool off from the hot sun at the waterfall halfway up, before continuing up to Middelberg ridge. Julia, Ake, Chris, Carmen and Paul shoot up the mountain while the rest take it easy (it is Marian's birthday after all). Before long they reach Middelberg hut and set up camp under the oaks. The group disperses to swim and explore. Here the first drama occurs, as Julia loses Nic's sister's camera. Paul puts in a credible performance lamenting his lost jacket and money from earlier on. Back at the camp they cook supper and have a cosy chat before Marian produces a little birthday surprise - a huge serving of Transkei mud for her delighted companions. Stuffed and well satisfied, they settle down for a night beneath the stars. Here the wardrobe team do a good job dressing Sonja in authentic "granny pants" as Mike calls them. That's rich coming from someone wearing old stokies and his grandfather's jersey.

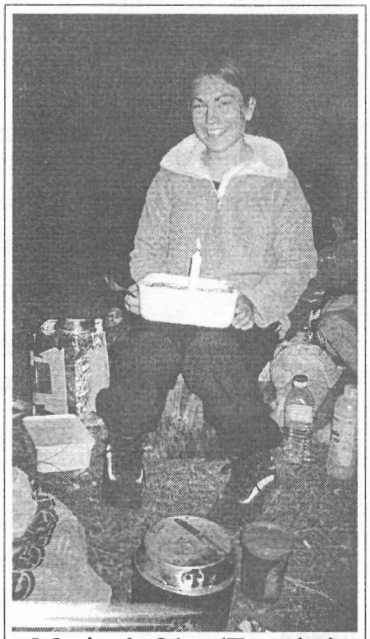
Day 2 Black Bitch Rears Its Head

After breakfast they set off on a fairly flat walk through Grootlands, with Julia and gang forging ahead while the rest dawdle along. Marian and Sonja weave grass jewellery and Stud seems a bit dazed and confused. Before noon they begin the ascent up a breathtaking escarpment, and pause just below the summit for lunch.



Day 1 lunch: Carmen, Sonja, Julia, Marian J.Wakeling's camera

Thereafter they are quickly at the top, and walk the last stretch along the jeep track before reaching their overnight location rather early. After a bit of bouldering and swimming in the nearby rock pool, they set up their tents, as the weather is looking ominous. The next scene sees a high stakes game of cards, without which no self-respecting adventure movie is



Marian's 21st (Transkei Mud in hand)
J.Wakeling

complete. The game is Hearts, more popularly known as Black Bitch. With everyone squeezed into a three-man tent, the stage is set for high drama. Nasty Nic steals the show and soon becomes the most reviled man in the Cederberg as he gloatingly dishes out punishment to his so-called friends.

Between bouts of cards, supper is cooked in rather miserable weather, after which half of the group retires and the rest play Arsehole.

Day 3 Disaster

The merry band has a quiet and relaxed morning, as the day's planned walk is very short. All appears peaceful, and they even do the Hokey Pokey. But this is just the calm before the storm. DUN DUN DAAA.

After lunch they set off down the stunning ravine leading to Crystal Pools. The movie climaxes with the dramatic fall of the heroine, Marian, whilst climbing a rock formation. As she is pulling herself onto a ledge, a large chunk of sandstone comes off in her hand, plunging our star about three metres body first. She lands perilously close to the edge of a dizzying drop. Blood flows as she bites through her, well, the place between chin and lip, chips her tooth and damages an arm. The cast does a wonderful impression of a school of goldfish. Is all lost? No, help is at hand. The crisis management supremo Julia takes charge of the situation and does a brilliant job directing everyone, and soon has Marian patched up with the help of Chris, a third year medical student. Luckily they are very close to their overnight hut, and arrive in a rather subdued mood.

Later Stud, unable to handle the pressure, runs amok hugging everyone at the hut before racing up the mountainside to surprise the rather bemused Chris with a warm embrace while he watches the sunset. After supper the group plays Hearts once again, and after Sonja has finished promoting various methods of animal abuse, they snuggle together and go to sleep.

Day 4 The End of the Road

With Marian in a lot of pain and discomfort during the night, the group decides to walk the last day quickly so that she can get home. They therefore wake early and brave the icy wind down Groot-hartseer on the way back to Middelberg, cheered by a rousing rendition of Beatles hits by Sonja. Rumour has it that during filming, she and Julia tried to turn this movie into a musical. They may well have succeeded if the soundtrack is anything to go by.

The group has lunch under the oaks where they slept on day 1, while a search party goes in search of Nic's



Bloody Mary
J.Wakeling

sister's camera lost a few days before. Nic finds it himself, thereby saving himself from a rather painful medical procedure involving a rusty spoon and a delicate part of anatomy (his sister sounds a right jolly bird). Thereafter, they zoom down the mountain to Algeria, and after a quick swim/shower, they leave for home. Stud, Ake and Doug remain for a few minutes to polish off some peaches and custard, and then make their way home, stopping only to heroically change a tyre for some German tourists. Thus ends this epic adventure. If you missed it, don't despair. A number of sequels are planned for the near future.

The cast has been nominated for a number of Cederberg awards:

Best Action Sequence - Paul Sheer for his Mission Impossible re-enactment
Best Performance in a Medical Drama - Dr Chris Young
Best Portrayal of a Senior Citizen - Sonja "Granny pants" Niedermeyer
Best Stunt - Marian Penso for her HECTIC swan dive
Most Energetic Performance - Julia "the dot in the distance" Wakeling
Most Evil Performance in a Card Scene - Nic Botha
Most Norwegian - Ake Fagereng
Most Sensitive Portrayal of a Lunatic - Stud "the hugmeister" Muffin
The Peanut Butter Appreciation Award - Carmen "Spread Skippy on my apple" Muller
The Provita Award for Most Boring Lunch - Doug Hildebrand



Nic, Sonja, Marian, Julia, Stud, Chris, Doug, Paul, Carmen, Ake
some tourist who got hold of Stud's camera

The following quotes from the film are set to go down in movie history:

Can you smell cauliflower? Stud's over-used method of testing for brain tumours
How're you, chick? Julia's universal greeting to female hikers
Anyone want an apple? various fruit vendors trying to lighten their packs
Hallous Stud's greeting of choice

<u>Refuge</u>

We have seen the edge of the precipice.
We have stood there - teetering on the brink
With nothing but the enormous void below
And we know
That just as frightening as the future now before us
Is that bottomless hatred inside man's heart

That we have glimpsed today
And we pray
That somehow we can find a safe way back

TSITSIKAMMA TRAIL

Mad Leader: Russell Shaw
The Freshers: Luke Henkeman, Michelle Vogts
Ze Germans: Kilian Schmidt, Elisabeth Lamping, Ernesto Drews, Daniel Ehret
The Crazy Gang: Richard Milne, Nic Milne, Jono Overett, Colette Gordon, Cheryl Botha
Author: Russell Shaw

After a relaxing Easter weekend this dirty dozen returned to varsity on the Tuesday of the vacation not to study, but to begin the drive to Nature's Valley over 600km away. Everyone arrived on time at 8am with the exception of Cheryl, a trend that was to continue throughout the hike!

The relative boredom of the seven-hour journey was broken by a stop at Gouritz, where five party members showed their bravery and stupidity in bridge-swinging or bungy-jumping off the old Gouritz River bridge. We were all treated to the delights of Daniel's voice as he screamed for help from the moment he took the plunge!

Having completed our adrenaline rush for the day we duly found the caravan park in Nature's Valley that evening where our first hut awaited us, overlooking the Groot Rivier. The wooden hut was really impressive, and was of a similar design throughout the trail. We also met some UPE students who were doing the trail concurrently, although their choice of what to take along with them on the hike was a source of great amusement for some of us later in the week!

The next morning was a scorcher, and with a steep hill at the start, some of our foreign contingent found the conditions fairly...foreign. Freshly acquired ski poles were swiftly drawn to help the cause, and by the end of the first 2kms it was fairly apparent that there was going to be a fast group and a more leisurely group.

After that initial climb the path soon led us downwards and into the Bloukrans state forest, where we were treated to some pretty inspiring natural vegetation. The path was covered in leaves and protected from the sun by a canopy of trees, giving one a great feeling of walking through a natural rain forest. The land we were hiking on was owned either by the National Parks Board or by the forestry company, and so the trail alternated between indigenous forests, pine plantations and natural fynbos.

The going was not too bad as it was mainly flat, and soon after the 16km mark we caught sight of the overnight hut, beautifully perched, overlooking the Bloukrans River nearly 100m below. This is one the best views I have ever seen from an overnight hut, with the

This shouldn't be here, but it is.



The floating female champions
Wolraad Euvrard's camera

ANYTHING THAT FLOATS



The sunk male champions (hehehe)
Wolraad Euvrard's camera

rumbling river and its steep ridges a perfect foreground to the sizeable Peak Formosa, towering 1300m above us, in the distance. We tried to capture the moment on film, but no photo can do this splendid view justice!

That night there was a clear sky and shooting stars aplenty, so most people opted to sleep outside on the veranda. However our peaceful sleep was rudely interrupted a few hours later when Collette yelled that it was raining. Almost automatically everyone rose as one and filed inside like zombies, only for the few droplets to cease just minutes later. But as we had expended the last of our energies for the day, we slept inside for the rest of the night anyway!

Day three was the easiest hiking day of the lot, covering just 13,4km with very few steep sections. There were some lovely swimming spots along the way, with the leading pack happy to cool off whilst waiting for the back markers to catch up. Unfortunately there was one major problem discovered upon arrival at the hut - no drinking water! The nearest river was 1.5km down the path, so off went the crazy gang with empties in hand to bolster our water supplies, whilst Ernesto and Liz caught some shut eye. Nearly an hour later the crazy gang returned triumphantly, only to see their efforts made redundant by a sudden thunderstorm. It rained and it hailed, and then it hailed and it rained. In just two hours' time all three of the giant water containers surrounding the hut had at least 50l water between them, alleviating any water problems we thought we might have.

Due to the wet surroundings activities were restricted mainly to the central cooking area, or lapa, where dinner was served and a huge bonfire was started. By this stage, certain members of our group were becoming famous for some of their habits:

*Ernesto exclaimed "ZZZuuuu" every time he greeted someone
*Kilian never chatting to anyone unless spoken to
*Collette proudly acted as chief food scavenger, polishing off any unfinished remains and prancing around like a velociraptor in search of prey whilst the other groups ate!
*Daniel took more photos with his digital camera, than two dozen Japanese tourists put together
*Cheryl had brought about five hardcover bird encyclopaedias along, which would explain how she had the heaviest pack out of everyone.

To keep the spirits high that night, some played Asshole, that most famous of MSC card games, whilst others played a drinking game, only without the alcohol (if one discounts Richard and his handy hip flask of whiskey!). Hoping for better weather the following day, we all crashed before ten to the pattering of rain on the corrugated roofing.

Our prayers were briefly answered as the rain stopped at about 4am, only to start again just before we got up

Really arb photo



Stud, Dave, Gav, Marian, Neil chilling on Clifton
Wolraad Euvrard

shortly after 6. Undeterred we water proofed our packs and ourselves as best we could, and set off in the rain for what was supposed to be the hardest day of the trail.

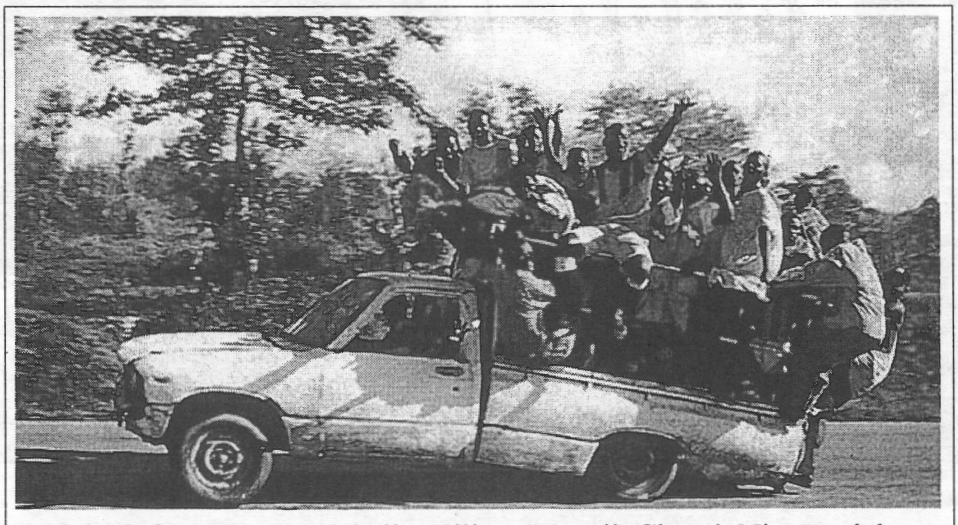
Fortunately the rain soon stopped and it turned out to be perfect hiking conditions, with much cloud and a slight breeze to keep one cool. There were some nasty sections on this stretch, with two solid uphills each climbing over 400m. This inconvenience though was more than offset by the magnificent forest we passed through en route to the overnight hut. The water in the streams tasted marvellous, and we would often be hiking through a sea of emerald-green ferns. The rain had left glistening water droplets hanging off every branch and stem, bringing every plant to life.

Having psyched ourselves up so much at the start of the day, everyone made it to Heuningbos Hut before 2pm and had a chance to swim or take a shower - either way the water was icy cold but wonderfully refreshing. The afternoon's entertainment revolved around Russell trying to keep up with Collette's yoga moves, resulting in some very amusing body positions. Jono then showed off his skills as a lumberjack in chopping up some firewood, whilst Richard, Michelle and Cheryl traded secrets in the art of foot-blister maintenance!

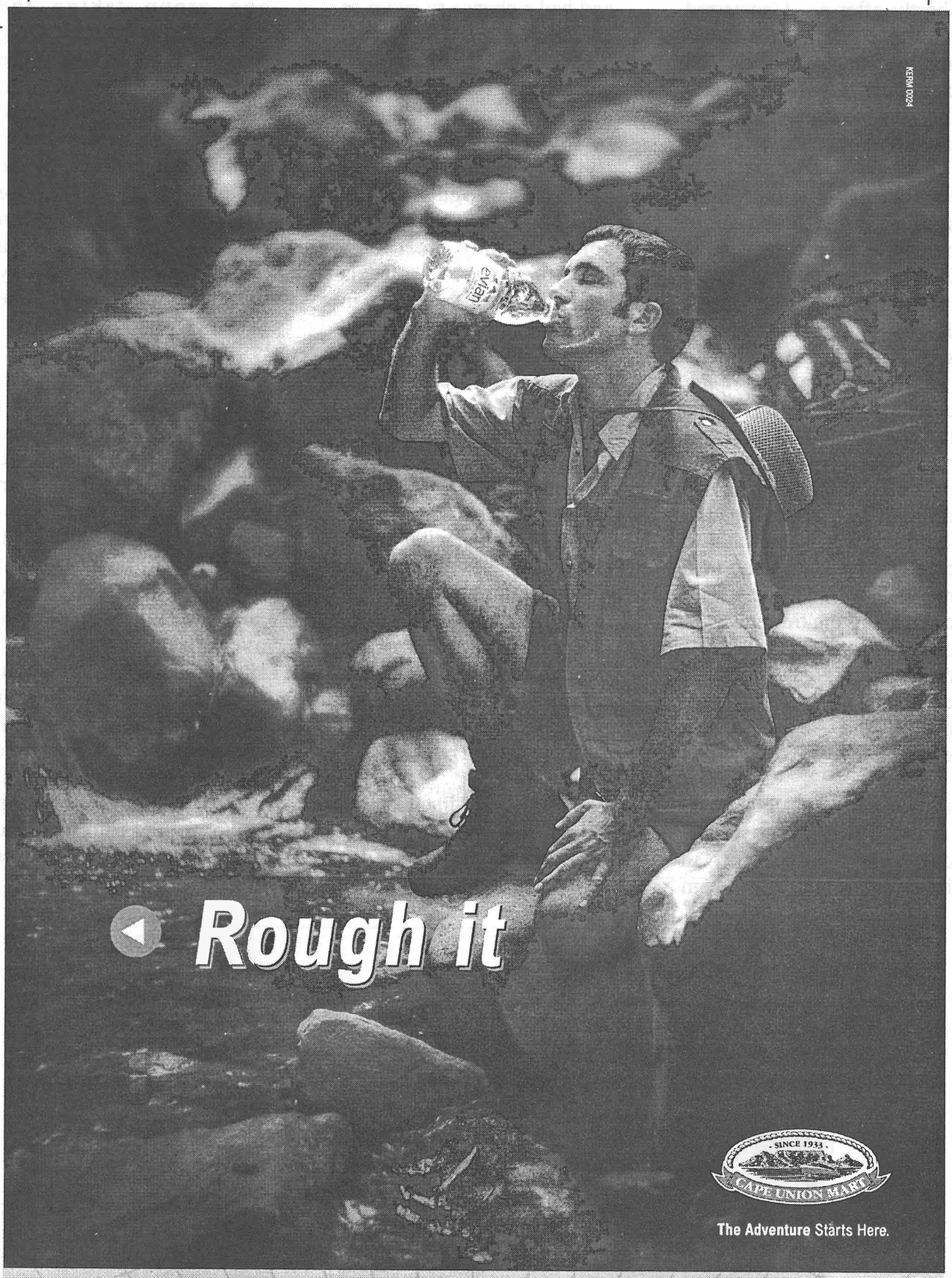
That night most of the food served up was of the highest camping quality, with dessert consisting of either fruit cocktail-and-custard or condensed milk. Asshole was again the order of the day, and with a 50/50 gender split it was interesting to see how often the girls ended up in all the bottom positions!

The final day of the hike was to be the longest yet at 17,4km and it was decided to split the group into two, with one group taking the emergency exit and avoiding some of the nasty hills on the main path. Those that did take the main path were treated to yet more fantastic rainforests, as well as some splendid views of the Tsitsikamma mountain range. This is such a beautiful part of the country that one could happily hike here for weeks on end!

A healthy lunch was made with any remaining food items, whilst Richard and Russell forged ahead to retrieve one of the cars from Nature's Valley. Once out of the final rainforest section, the path kept to the right of the river, ending at the famous Paul Sauer bridge over the Storms River. Having survived on pasta, smash and pro-vitas for four days, we happily gorged ourselves on real food like coke, burgers and Magnums before making the long trip home, feeling refreshed and ready to take on the stresses of varsity life once again!



Rich, Colette, Jono, Michelle, Kilian, Russell, Cheryl, Nic, Daniel, Ernesto, Elisabeth, Luke returning to Cape Town



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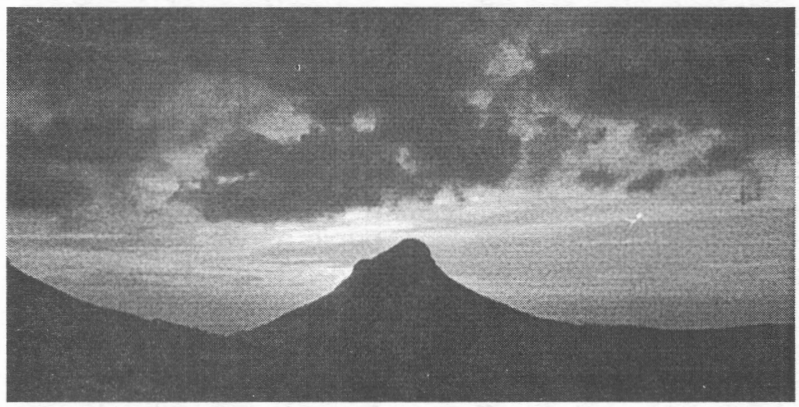
APRIL

TRANQUILITY CRACKS

Leader: Julia Wakeling
Group: MANY
Author: Cristen Mclintock

An enthusiastic group of twenty students gathered in the parking lot at Table Mountain, ready for a day of hiking. Our destination? The Tranquillity Cracks! The mountain rose to our one side, clear cut against the sky, and a thick fog hovered over the sea on the other. Although this inhibited our view of the houses and beach below, it somehow felt like we were hiking above the clouds, miles from civilisation (not the actual 10 minute drive from UCT!!) On the way up we were treated to several renditions of Julia's "the landrover has rolled over, over.... come again!" (don't ask!) and got to know our fellow hikers a bit better.

We reached the Cracks well before lunch time, where some innocent newcomers rose to the Provita challenge and actually succeeded - well done Neil and Michael (Ed note : Yes, and Doug did fail again!!!!!)! We explored the cracks by squeezing through narrow spaces and enjoyed the breath-taking view that unfolded below us as the mist cleared. On returning to the lunch spot on one occasion, I found Nic (Botha) sitting with his hand and chin covered in condensed milk. All I need say is that it looked like he had just sneezed! (Ed note : oh, is THAT what you thought it was??) Gross? I agree - but the photos will be great! And of course we couldn't set out for home without a quick group 'Hokey Pokey' (something to do with tradition I think!).



A gorgeous sunset after the hike J.Wakeling



Kevin feeling tranquil J.Wakeling

Our afternoon entertainment for the hike back down was provided by Geoff and Sonja, who I imagine were practising for a Pop Idols audition! Nevertheless, it wasn't long before we were all singing along in the choruses! (Anyone thought of starting a Mountain and Ski Choir? We do great Christmas carols!) Overall, it was a day of sunshine, amazing views and a chance to make crazy new friends and enjoy spending time with old ones, all while doing something we love!

APRIL

GRABOUW- SIR LOWRY'S PASS

Leader: Ianni Vamvedelis
Group: not many
Author: Dave Kornik

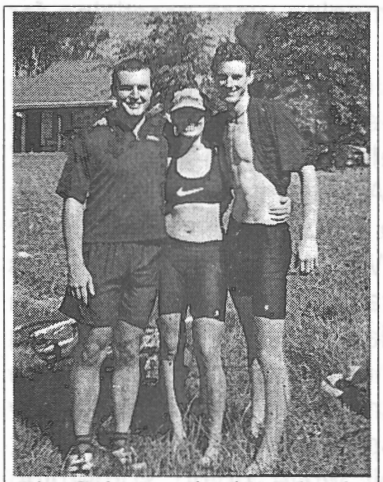
The walk began from the Elgin Country Club in Grabouw, after a quick Grabouw township tour. Clouds had been building up earlier in the morning but we were all glad to see the sun coming through by the time the walk began. We began, at quite a brisk pace, along a gravel path leading into the pine forest plantation. Ianni, was determined to slow us down to take more time to enjoy the surroundings. Eventually we were persuaded to venture off the beaten path and make our own route.

An hour or so into the walk we emerged from the forest into a clearing with beautiful views of grass-covered slopes. Some of us could only dream how good snowboarding would have been had the slopes been covered with snow, but the warmth of the sun on our skin was a pleasure nevertheless.

The only hiccup along the way was the gaping ravine with a river running through it that appeared quite suddenly in front of us along our off-road adventure. There was panic as we realised that crossing it was an impossibility. But Ianni, with a cool head, guided us calmly back into the forest to cross the river at an easier spot. It was here that the men stripped down to enjoy the refreshing mountain river pools before continuing along our journey towards Sir Lowry's Pass.

We enjoyed our lunch under the shade of some pine trees as Ianni and Collette entertained us with juggling of pine cones. Daniel provided the lemon cake (although it was very burnt).

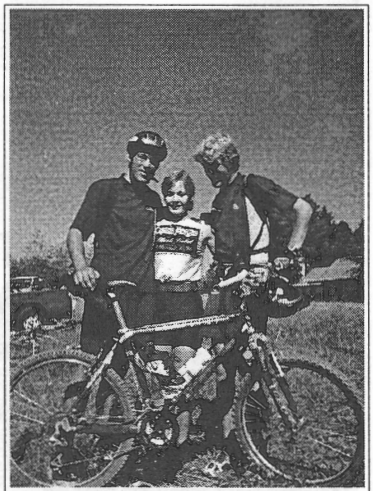
The views of Cape Town that opened up before us as we reached the end were spectacular, and made the tough hike well worth it. After sitting on a rock overlooking the city and contemplating life for a few minutes, it was time to head back to our cars, and back to reality. Although reaching the end was sad, it was still satisfying knowing that we had all spent a relaxing day in beautiful surroundings.



The Sabertoothed Squirrels
Mike Sands

25Km Adventure Race

We belted out to Grabouw and took part in a short adventure race, in which we did fairly well. Two of the teams we entered were Norwegian Wind (Mike Sands, Carmen Muller and Ake Fagereng), who did a whole lot better than The Sabre Toothed Squirrels (Nic Gibson, Julia Wakeling and Geoff du Toit). It was fun though !



The Norwegian Wind
Geoff du Toit

MAY

KAMIKAZE CANYON

Never mind the fear of hights - what about the fear of death!

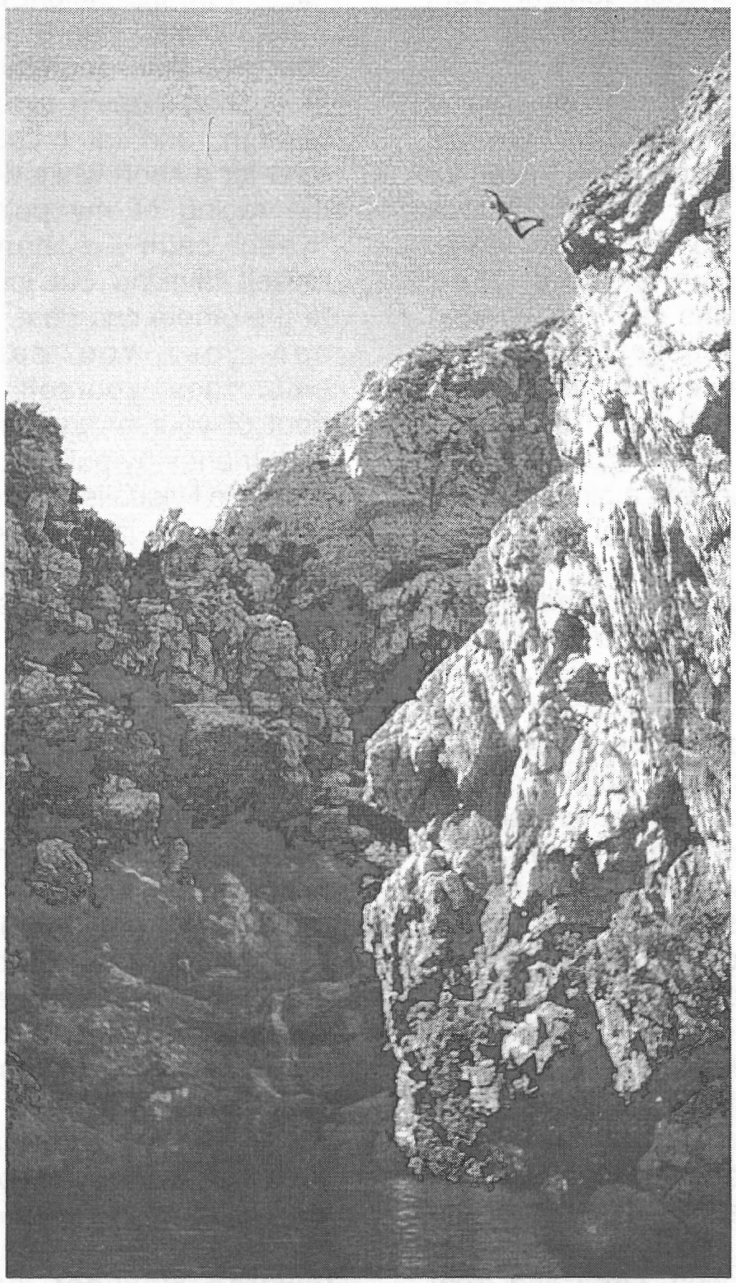
Leader: Russell Shaw
Group: Many very MAD mountain people!
Author: Russell Shaw

For a few people in this world, life is too dull. They need to live on the edge, test themselves both physically and mentally, and of course live to tell the tale to their envious mates afterwards. As a result we have the sports of skydiving, bungy jumping and... kloofing.

The principle of kloofing is quite simple the higher the jump, the bigger the adrenaline rush. Forget about the Fresher's dam wall (4-10m) or even the biggest jump at Suicide Gorge (16m) Kamikaze Canyon in the Steenbras River Gorge dwarfs them all, with the highest jump being measured at a spine-tingling 22m. To put this into perspective, 22m is the height of a seven storey building, a jump of this nature would lead to you hitting the water at a speed of about 80km/h (yeah, whatever Ed's assistant note) not bad!

And so it was that sunny skies greeted the 20 or so hikers who were mainly there to have a lazy day walking along the banks of the Steenbras River. After a brief 'warm-up' jump of 8m, we all gathered at a beautiful lunch spot just below the main jump and slightly above another jump of 14m. This was where the next few hours were spent, with some of the group stretching their limits and 'bagging' their first 14m jump - no mean feat!

But the main attraction was our 22m nemesis. Having done a bit of kloofing before I tried my best to explain to the guys



Russell Shaw taking his life in his hands J.Wakeling

how to avoid serious injuries, such as keeping your arms tucked in, keeping your body straight, and above all else, crossing your legs! Andrew Geel was the first to climb up the ledge high above us, and it seemed like an eternity as he steadied himself, trying to draw up all the courage he could muster the cheers of encouragement from below must have helped.

After about ten minutes he leapt into the air, his vocal cords seemingly frozen for the two seconds it took him to reach the water. Everyone held their breaths as we waited anxiously for him to emerge from the pool, and it was a great relief when his head popped out, along with a bloodcurdling shriek of delight!

Julia had decided to do it sooner rather than later. Perhaps because of the rush to do it, or (more probably) because of the ridiculous height of the jump, she landed slightly wrong, which lead to a pair or ripped shorts and a bruised coccyx (for the following 2 months). Serena and Iming, our American exchange students, were next and wasted no time at all in going about the deed. Unfortunately Iming didn't quite land correctly, and the bruise that soon surfaced, stretching from her ankle to the inside of her thigh, was a stark reminder of precisely how dangerous this jump was!

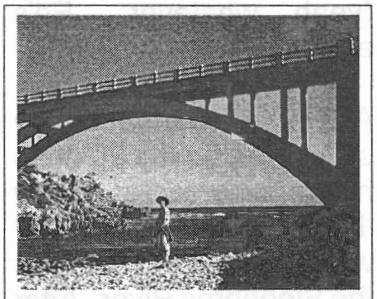
Soon it was my turn, and having skydived, bungy-jumped and kloofed before, I thought I would be fine. I was wrong! With sky diving, you have a parachute; with bungy jumping, an elastic cord. Here, there was nothing but the pool to break my fall. From this height the water looked more like concrete than something that I was hoping to slip through, and all I could hear for a short while was the racing of my pulse. "Keep calm", I heard myself thinking out loud. "If the others can do it, so can you. You can't embarrass yourself in front of your brother and your friends by pulling out now!" So I visualised how I was going to land, took a mighty breath, and jumped out as far as I could.

I won't lie. I think I must have screamed like a girl. It seemed like the water was racing upwards to meet me rather than me plunging downwards into the water. But our meeting was inevitable and after I had disappeared beneath the surface I arched my back and waved my arms to check that my body had survived the encounter. With a smile the width of my face I swam back towards daylight and safety, and as soon as I caught my breath I could only emulate Andrew's earlier whoop of victory.

Because put quite simply, kloofing is not for the faint-hearted. It is not even about showing off to your mates or saying you have done it (although these are definitely cool secondary reasons!). Rather it is about proving to yourself that you CAN do something if you really want it badly enough. It was interesting to note that of the ten people who attempted the 22m jump, not one tried it again!

But the best part of the day was that almost everyone jumped higher than they had ever jumped before. For some it was 5m, for others it was 14m, and for the extremists it was 22m! After this, any other extreme sport should be a walk in the park!

The Warriors who completed the jump: Andrew Geel, Cookie le Keur, Iming Ling, Serena Adams, Russell Shaw, Julia Wakeling, Kilian Hagemann, Andrew Kirsten & Paul Sheer.



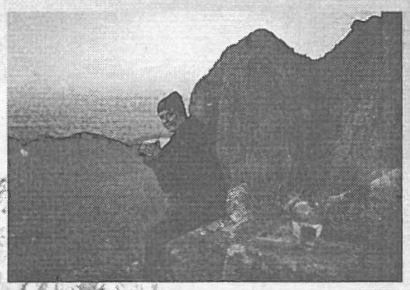
Beautiful end to a hectic day
Geoff du Toit

Alpinist outdoor

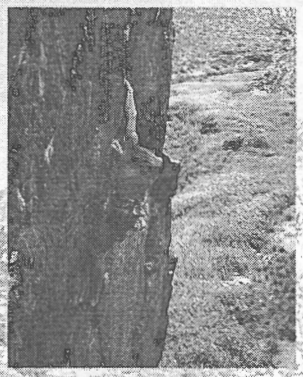
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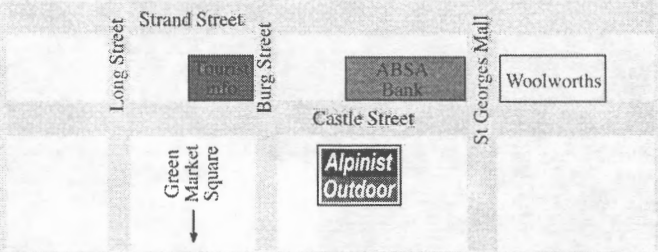


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HOARE HUT BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was an epic weekend!

- The Cable Carry
- A Christmas dinner for 50 people we had everything mince pies, Christmas pudding with brandy butter, Christmas cookies, crackers, gluwine, not one, but 2 trees, and of course Father Christmas!!!
- A helicopter rescue Dave A took a fall doing a trad route on Grey Ridge!

"Julia had a little (red) dress
It was split right up the sides
And every time she wore that dress
The boys could see her thighs.

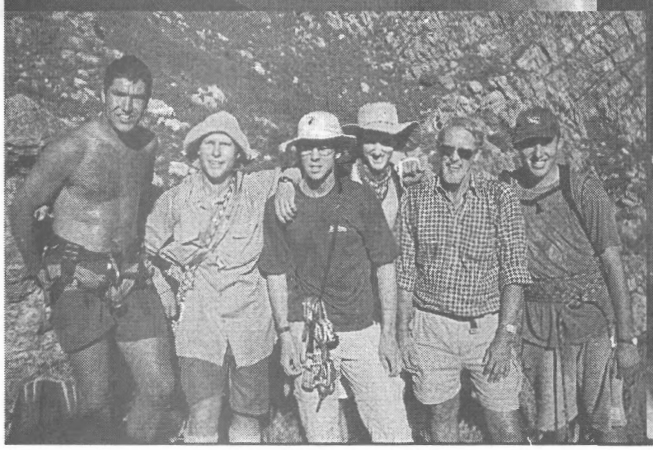
Julia had another dress
It was split right up the front
... but she didn't wear that one."

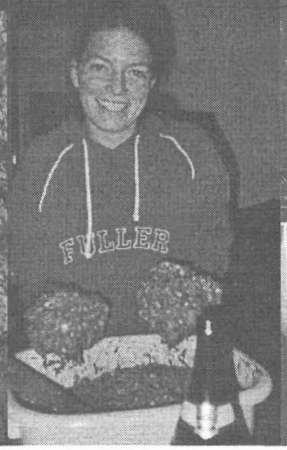




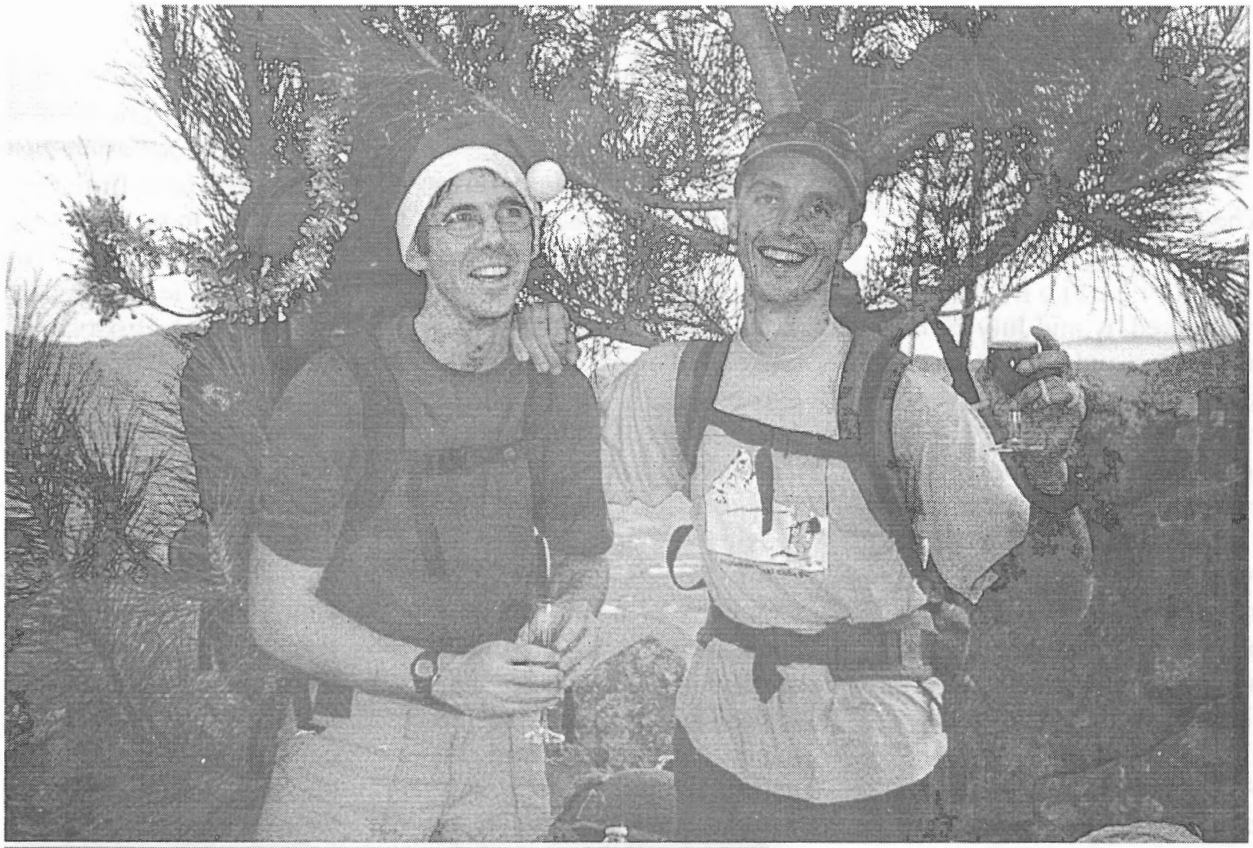








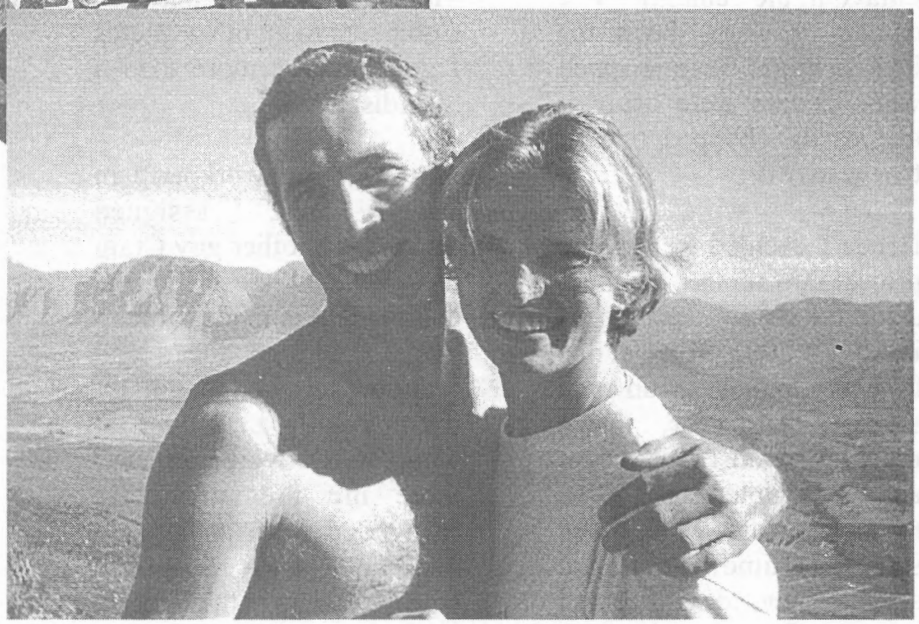






"My first time and what an occasion. Fantastic day and special evening. I'll be back. An aside: Far too many eligible men for my liking." Mieke





The Ski-Lift Epic

by Kilian Hagemann (Ski Convener 2000/2001/2002)

The first and very successful phase 1 of project "Skilift Resurrection" was completed by mid July 2001, as both top and bottom return stations of the skilift were replaced, the old cable tensioned and various other components replaced or refurbished. The last weekend of July that year saw the reinitiation (red tape and all!) of a feat of Mountain and Ski Engineering that lay dormant for so many years.

As I felt that the project was nowhere near completion because the skilift was merely restored into an operational state, never mind safety, durability or usability concerns. For example, the existing cable was about 45 years old, rusted and worn down to 7mm thickness of what must have been a reused lift shaft cable according to my research. Under unfavourable conditions a couple of years down the line, it might have snapped while people were using it and easily chopped one or two heads off...

Hence I decided to take the project into another year and stood for ski convener again in August 2001. My goal this time was to make it run even smoother, safer, more reliable and most of all robust and low maintenance so that my successors won't have such a hard time as I did. I had several new ideas that all needed attention.

It was on a warm afternoon in December 2001 when I first started following up on the idea of replacing the worn cable. I picked up the phone and called every company in Cape Town that might remotely have something to do with steel cables. Possibilities ranged from reusing a decommisioned cable from the Cable Car Company or a lift company such as Otis to buying a completely new cable. The latter idea was deemed too expensive until I found out about a really nice guy working in Johannesburg at the head office of Haggie Rand, the cable suppliers to the mines and international markets.

His name was Philip Snyman, a really friendly Vaalie with an Afrikaans accent. He ensured me that I could buy a NEW 10mm 'wire rope' from Haggie Rand at R3,50 per metre. Compared to all other quotes I got that was more than a 50% discount!

At a two day workparty in January 2002 I assigned Jazek and another guy Craig the task of measuring the length of the existing cable so that I could go ahead and order the required length. Of course Jazek went completely overboard and gave me measurements (converted from an antique imperial (inch) measuring tape we dug up in the Hutt) in m, cm and mm complete with a standard deviation to the same precision. In the end it turned out to be out by about 20m, but that surely must have been due to an incorrect inch/metre conversion factor...

In March 2002 I then finalised my plans and gave Mr. Snyman a call and said that I wanted 720m of his generously priced cable which worked out at about R2500. He had it cut immediately and then said he had contacted the transport department so that they could let him know when they would have the next truckload being carted to Haggie Rand's Cape Town distribution department.

There it lay, sitting at Haggie Rand in Jo'burg, in one long piece and wound up on a large wooden drum for ease of transportation, 296kg in total, waiting for someone to drive it to its new home.

By that time I had already organized the workparty to be held on the last weekend of the Easter vac that would see the cable lugged up to Waaihoek in one massive carry up. There was no other way, as helicopter trips would be much too expensive and dangerous, considering the point load nature of an object that size and weight.

In fact I found out later from an old alumni, Philip Lloyd, that the existing cable was to

be carried up by a whole bunch of people a long time ago in one long chain of guys. They had actually organized a helicopter before that had dropped off a drum of cable at the top of Waaihoek, but it landed off target and started rolling down the slabs, disappearing into the abyss of the Witels source forever.

But relying on the don't-worry-I'll-get-the-cable-down-to-Cape-Town-somehow trick was a big mistake. Any sane person would have laughed at that thought - at best.

The workparty wasn't called off though, and we managed to sand half the deck at Hoare Hutt instead.

Second term came, winter drew closer and time ran out. Keith Hart from Sports Admin drove to Johannesburg and agreed to pick up my cable for me.

Mr. Snyman decided to store it at his house for Keith to pick up. My Jo'burg friend thus ended up forking out R2500 from his *own* pocket as items may not leave the Haggie premised unpaid. He said I should just pay him back. How's that for trust? Trust an arbitrary thinks-he's-so-smart UCT student who has really lost his mind.

Out of luck again though. As they loaded the cable onto the trailer, the same bent so heavily that they saw it would crack right through at the first minor bump on the road. Keith came back empty handed.

I finally get that all-relieving phone call from Mr. Snyman saying that the cable was now sitting in Metro Industria, close to Paarden Island, with my name on it. **Mission number one was complete.**

That weekend would be the Hoare Hutt Birthday Party. I saw my last opportunity for the carry that would see the 'wire rope'(that's the official name) being relocated to its new environment.

Despite complaints that my exercise would negatively impact on the birthday party I went ahead advertised the 'Great Cable Carry' on the noticeboard the third and last time. I had no other choice, as end-of-semester academics were looming, and so were the first snowfalls...

Last preparations were taken. Jonathan St Clair picked up the assignment from Haggie Distribution in Metro Industria and brought it to Waaihoek.

The greatest day of my life so far started the next morning at 6am. I woke up everyone at Hoare Hut, but Ake was the only one keen.

As Ake and I arrived at the parking lot, there was no-one to be seen. I knew that only 16 people had actually signed up and that Caleb was supposed to meet everyone at the Info centre that morning, so I used the spare time to come up with a backup plan in case we wouldn't be able to carry the entire 720m up in one go. I rushed to Jan du Toit's farm to ask him for a bolt cutter, he had only an old blunt one which he quickly sharpened with his angle grinder in his workshop. Great guy, he also gave me some other tools that would help in cutting the cable.

At that stage, I told myself that the only realistic plan would be to cut the cable in half and carry one section all the way up, or take the whole cable half way up. Either way, we would have to come back some other time to finish the job. Everything inside me refused to accept such an outcome, but I would have no choice should there not be enough people to carry.

Adri arrived and started carting people by the dozens with his 4 by 4 to the parking lot as one of the lower bridges was under construction and the drift next to it was almost impossible to cross(heaven knows how Jonathan managed to get his bakkie across that one the night before, with 300kg of steel and packs on the back).

Two challenges remained before that piece of metal would start moving towards Waaihoek. Firstly, I needed to recruit about 20 people to carry. 25 would be ideal I had reckoned, while 15 was the bare minimum. Luckily the

cable itself turned out to weigh about 100kg less than my calculations predicted.

Secondly, we needed to transform it from a cubic metre of ultimate immobility to a manageable shape that could be carried in backpacks. So we rolled it off the wooden drum it was resting on - the stand Paul picked up came in handy here - and partitioned it into individual sets of coils. Each set was weighted individually - with a rusty old spring balance I picked up at the Hutt - and custom fitted for the person who would carry up that section.

Ake obviously took the first set, and he kept telling us to 'just pile it on'. He must have ended up with about 35kg.

After four painful hours of sectioning work on the parking lot in the May sun, the birthday party crowd was long gone and I was left with 15 volunteers.

Much to our pleasure, at quarter to two the cable finally gave in and showed us its lonely end. We all picked up our loads and found ourselves irrevocably interlinked by about 2m of slack cable.

Ake started getting the entire rattle snake going and it was clear now: we wouldn't let go from here.

The hike itself was surprisingly painless, with Ake pushing hard to keep everyone going.

We eventually got to Point Hi, and after some relaxed lounging in the most spectacular colour-drenched dusk sky, with champagne, we picked up our loads for a last time.

I was definitely the happiest man on earth that night, especially after everyone at the party gave us a warm and respectful welcome. Good Glühwein, awesome food, great company.

The next morning we quickly picked up the cable from behind the Hutt and laid it out on the slope of the skilift. I realized that there were more missions ahead of me. We needed to join the two ends of the cable (the so called 'splicing') so that it would form a single continuous loop before we could use the cable in any way.

After that experience, nothing felt unattainable and a few weeks later mission number four was accomplished. We mananged to drag a 54 year old employee from Haggie Rand Cape Town up Waaihoek to do the job for us. His name was Norman, and having spliced all kinds of cables for 20 years at work he was the man to do it. And not even the fact that he had been smoking since school or that he had never climbed a mountain, not even Table Mountain, deterred us.

The project continues now that Ake took over the ski convener's portfolio and fresh ideas and enthusiasm are streaming in. Meanwhile the empty cable drum lives happily in my back yard, as a little token of that highlight of the year. Just in case the memories fade, which they never will.

We have done well.

A huge thank you to all the people who helped me out over the last year. Some of them I mentioned already, but it does not hurt to list them again:.

The long term/subcomm helpers and friêds Jonathan St. Clair and Calêb Lyness.

The Cable Carriers.

The Cable Carrier support team and all volunteers who eagerly collected ski credits at the countless workparties organised over the year.

The Mountain and Ski legend lives on.

"If you're going through hell - keep going."
Winston Churchill

Go carry it up the mountain

IN WHAT has been dubbed the "Great Hoare-Hutt Cable Carry", 15 members of the UCT Mountain and Ski Club and an entourage of helpful attendants has lugged 720 metres of steel cable (weighing 250-kg) 1 700-m up a steep mountain range.

It wasn't just for the exercise, either, reports Killian Hagemann, skiing convenor of what is UCT's biggest sports club, boasting close on 750 members. According to Hagemann, the club owns 8 000 hectares (known as Zuurberg) of mountain range in the Hex River Mountains, one of the most rugged in the country.

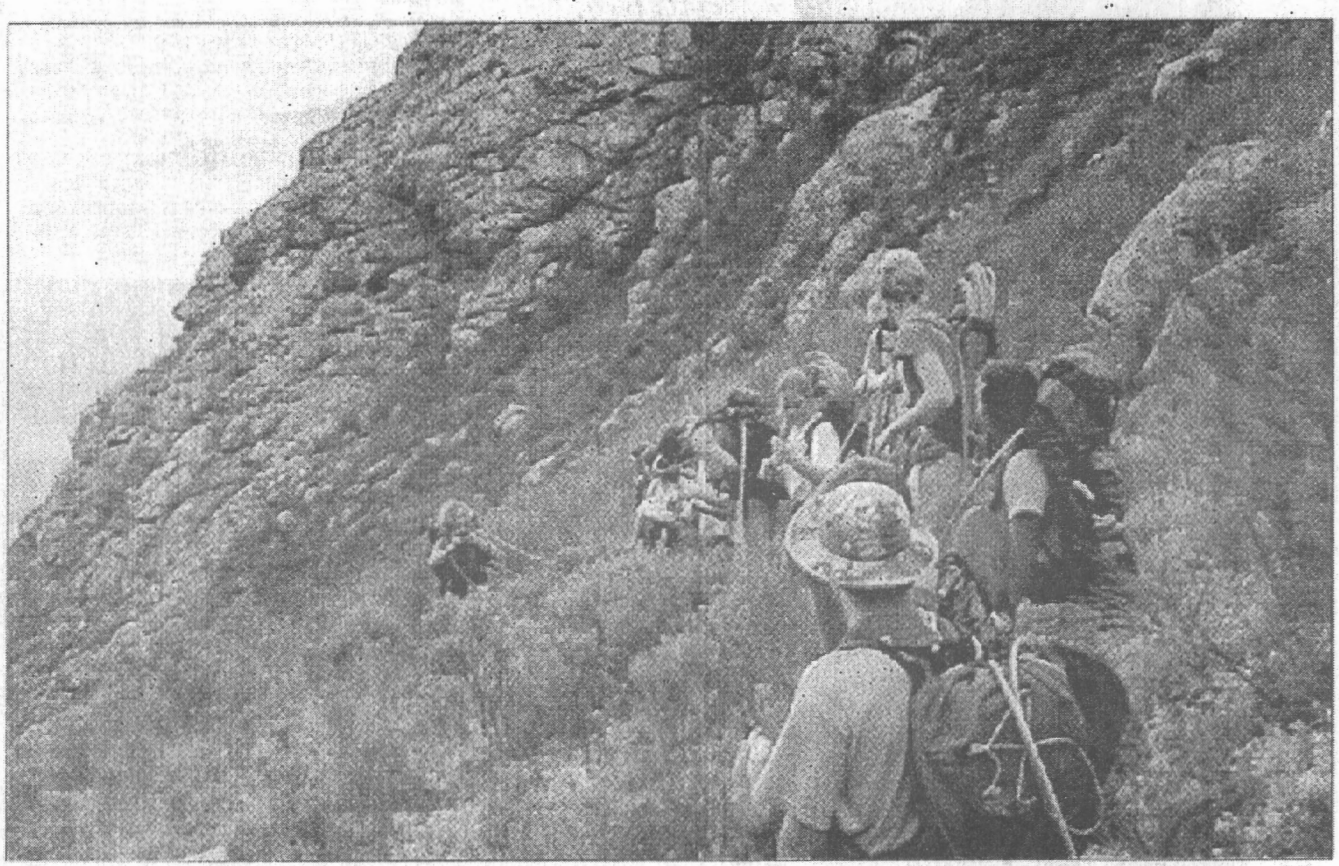
Every winter, club members go skiing on the mountain's niveous slopes. One of the three huts on the mountain, the Hoare-Hutt, is located about 1 700-m up the mountain, with a ski lift perched just above it.

The lift, built in 1958, has however, been rotting away over the past few years, and was only knocked into an operational state last year. What was still required however, was a long stretch of steel cable.

This the club purchased at a healthy student discount from Haggie Rand in Johannesburg last year, and managed to transport – another student discount came handy here – from Johannesburg to Cape Town.

With no other affordable method of transit at their avail, the club got 15 of its members to volunteer to tote it up the mountain. Coiling it into about 8- to 30-kg loads (no cutting was allowed), the students packed it into their mountain bags, and, with a little slack between each of them, managed to hike it up the steep slopes to the hut.

A retinue of fellow hikers, in turn, carried sleeping bags and other accoutrement that the cable carriers had to unload from their bags. According to Hagemann, the preparation for the climb alone took four hours, with the ascent punctuated with a number of breaks - demanding another four-and-a-half.



All the way to the top: members of the UCT Mountain and Ski Club toting 720-m of cable up the Hex River mountain.

But the hikers had something to look forward to at the end of the climb, as they were to join other members for a Hoare-Hutt birthday party. Just rewards for an intrepid enterprise that many had said would be an act of futility, says Hagemann.

"This was a completely epic trip," he ruminates. "And one that will luckily only again take place in about another 40 or 50 years."

All that has to be done now is for the cable to be laid. But that's another story.

For more pictures of the Great Hoare-Hutt Cable Carry, have a look at the club's website at www.cs.uct.ac.za/~clyness/. ■

MAY

ROOF OF THE PENINSULA

Leader: Geoff du Toit
Group: Sean Muller, Stephen van Helden and Michael Vogt
Author: Geoff du Toit

After waiting two years I finally got to do the "Roof", oddly enough I also had to lead it. This has its pros and cons. But as learning curves go this was a goodie!

I set the starting time to 6am, and honestly there is no better test of getting the true hikers on your trip than setting a stupidly early start on a Saturday morning. True to form only half the list pitched and at 6:15am our merry band of Sean, Stephen, Michael and myself strode off into the really unknown darkness in search of a cold beer in Kalk Bay!!!

The route, as I understood it, from the info centre, was Newlands ravine, Ledges, Maclears, Constantia neck, Vlakkenberg, Constantiaberg, Silvermine, Echo Valley and Kalk Bay. There are many advantages to leading a trip you've never done before, like you are always justified to say "We're almost there" and you can be forgiven for "exploring" when you clearly don't have a clue. But to be honest, even with Nic Gibson, Wol and Gavin's conflicting advice the route is rather obvious and with eyes glued on that elusive Pint the path seemed to find us. Actually you'd have to go out of your way to miss it.

The timing was in fact perfect and most of the climbing was done before the sun rose while on Ledges. We got really lucky that day with sightings of three Himalayan tahrs, a Black eagle and a Giant tortoise. Ledges was lovely and surprisingly wet. The recent rains were clearly still filtering rapidly through the mountain, while re-affirming the good old saying "Slippery when wet" especially with an exposure of a number of meters. It also meant a number of very full streams on the top of the mountain, and a magical scamper across the top towards Constantiaberg.

Now I've never been the greatest one for patience and seeing that we were making good progress, I suggested we run the single-track section down to Constantia neck. We set a good pace and near the bottom, Geoff , hurtling down the path, nearly took out a substantial group of Saturday strollers, only narrowly missing them with a quick side step up the side of the path. Assuming this was a race we were each met with a Comrades Applause, getting louder each time as our pseudo-fans got into the rhythm. A bewildered Michael reached us at the end wondering why he was suddenly so popular.

Constantia Nek had been our proposed lunch spot, but we were making excellent time so we pushed past the rapidly encroaching Port Jackson forest that dominates the North



Stephen on Table Mountain looking at Devil's Peak Geoff du Toit

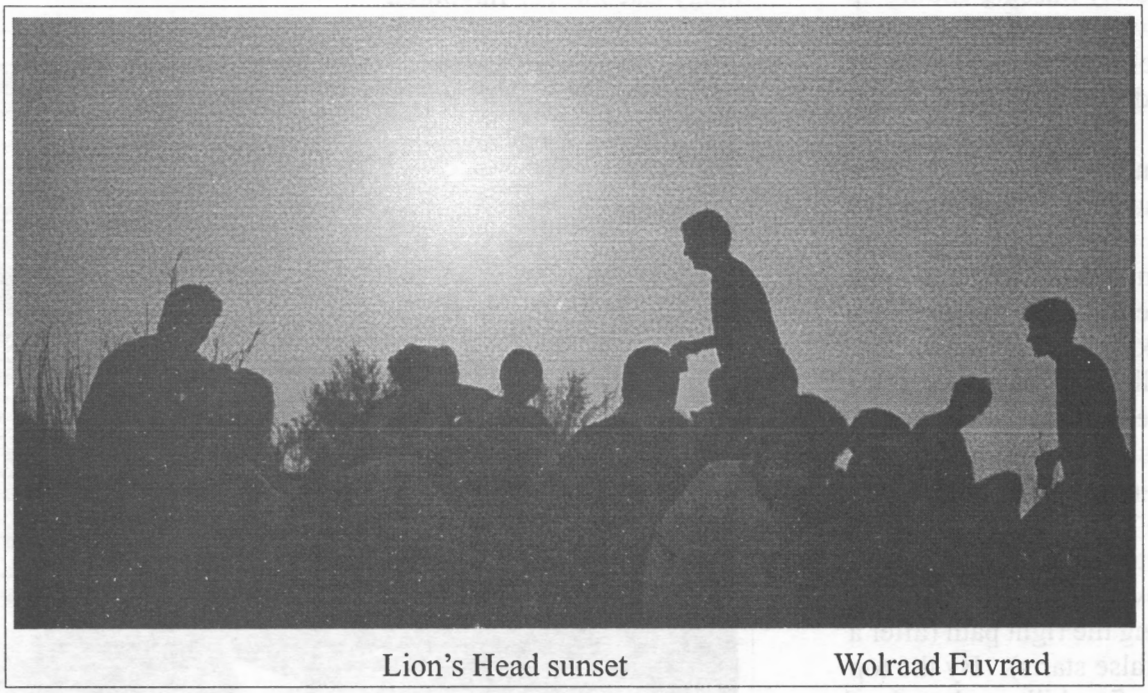
Slopes of the Vlakkenberg. Once on top though I realised what a gem the Vlakkenberg truly is. A hive of bird activity and lush environment from the recent rains it was a breath of fresh air, especially after the alien forest. So we slogged on now setting the target of getting to Silvermine Reservoir for Lunch. We soon hit the dreaded Constantiaberg tarred road. Yes, the one that winds on for ages, taking its sweet time to get anywhere. Finally however we could cut off towards the Elephants Eye and were within sight of lunch.

The reservoir, magnificent as always, saw us chilling feet and feeding bellies, before reluctantly pulling shoes back on and heading off once more.

The trip could have come to an abrupt halt when Dave Glass and Kate recently at the Silvermine Crag nearly ran us over, innocently walking in the middle of the road. Well as long as they made it to the Decathlon safely…

Then it was just a matter of summitting the final hurdle of Silvermine before reaching the stunning Echo Valley and Kalk Bay. We arrived at the Brass Bell at 4.50, a full 10.30hrs after starting.

And was the 30+ km's worth it? Well for the three tahrs, Black eagle, glorious sunrise, Comrades Applause and a Cold Windhoek at the end I'd have to say it was. We could have done without the long and winding road up Constantiaberg though so bring Gators next time: We're going bundu bashing…



Lion's Head sunset Wolraad Euvrard

Like a Lion

Eggs, skottel and all
For the strong, the short and the tall
Along the Lion's back we climbed
And through his chainlike mane we tore
To reach his very highest height
To see sunrise, city and shore.

Moments in the azure silence
(which kept us from our beds)
were worth those thousand fading lights
From the top of Lion's Head.

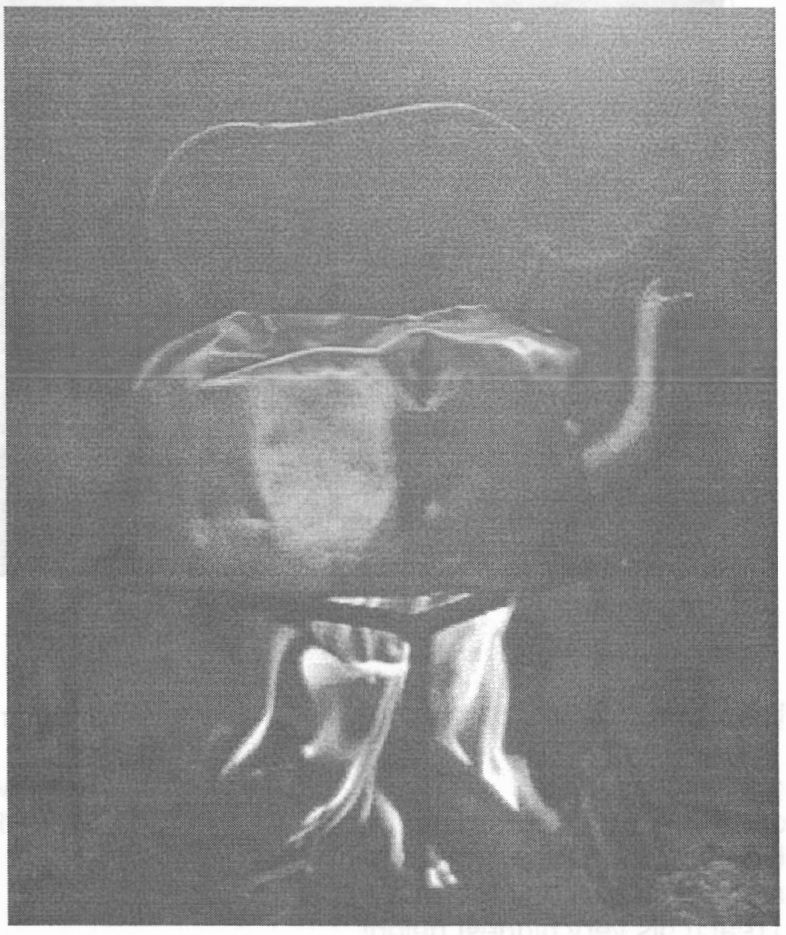
- Thyla van der Merwe

MAY

CECILIA FOREST TEA PARTY

Leader: Melinda Griffiths
Group: Neil Ismay,
Authors: Melinda Griffiths and Neil Ismay

Joyfully packing into vehicles, snacks intact, 12 eager tea-slurpers headed off one bright and sunny Sunday morning. Already showing great navigational and leadership skills, I led the convoy of intrepid rusk-crunchers onto the freeway - unfortunately IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!!! Narrowly missing ending up in town, we pulled a superb wheel squeal and finally found our way to the forest with only a minor detour! Setting off up the path (after a head count) we managed to lose two people less than 100m from the start (just nipped back to pay the parking attendant!). Needless to say, when we arrived at the first major intersection of paths, the chip-chompers were less than confident in my directional skills. However, I proved them all wrong by finding the right path (after a few false starts). By the top of the first hill, my bunch of muffin-munchers were thoroughly hot and bothered (being less than champion mountaineers) and in need of a good biscuit-nibble. After a quick water and sparkles break we continued up the second hill. Cresting the final rise before the descent into waterfall valley the inevitable question was raised: "How much further is it?". I optimistically underestimated the distance a little when answering "Only about 200m!". Arriving, (after somewhat more than 200m) in the cool and tranquil valley, we discovered the falls to be more of drizzle really, but beautiful surroundings for a picnic anyway. We gleefully whipped out our fantastic fare and tucked in. We had everything from doughnuts, biscuits, rusks and muffins to dodgy bacon(???) flavoured chips and scrumptious cream cakes. The good old gas stove was also set up, providing a continuous supply of hot tea and coffee for fatigued hikers. By the end of it all, it was unanimously agreed that eating was better than walking!



A kettle Wolraad Euvrard

JULY VAC

DRAKENSBERG
5 DAYS OF DRAGON SLAYING

Leaders: Kevin Iles, Julia Wakeling

The team, in no particular order (with Ed's notes):

Kevin "Basotho" Iles (one sounds like a basotho when running around camp in your underpants at 4am)

Andrew "Topgun" Hagen (those glasses have got to go bru)

Sele "Bob" Selamolela (I-is-just-chilling-in-de-mountains-man.)

Jörg "Boot" Hacker (who gets injured by a car boot on day 0?)

Michael "Poke" Kopf (is it a German thing to call a tent peg a "poke"?)

Peter "Herd" Hagen ("Hey look at that herd of vulture!")

Sam "Yak" Jack (nobody has taken responsibility for this one!)

Julia "Di" Wakeling (No comment)

Neil "Long-John" Van Niekerk (also "Never-forget-my-newspaper-to-read-when-it's-snowing")

Ake "Herc" Fagereng (strong like bull)

Bronwyn "Skippy" Kirk (Skippy = lubricant??? (only in some strange African countries))

Nicholas "Pick" Laidler (he carried his geological pick, destroying arbitrary rocks along the way)

Author: Nic Laidler



Breakfast in Bethlem
Julia's camera

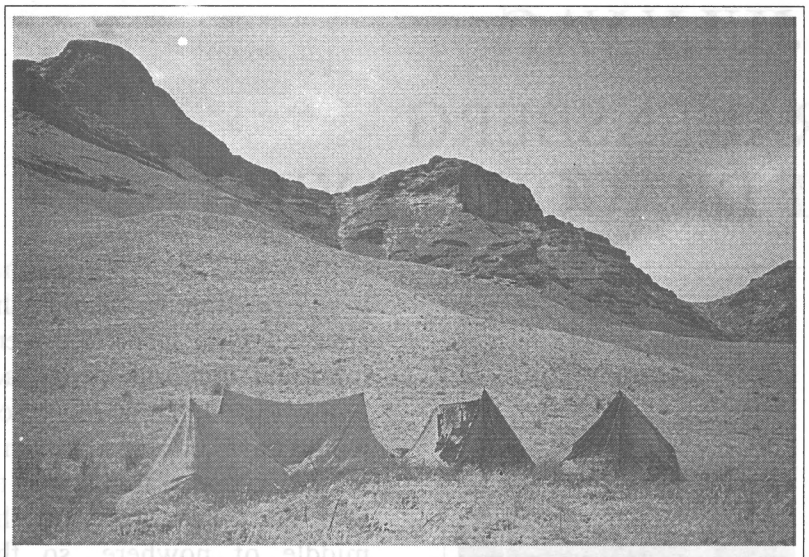
The trip up:

It all started badly for some of us, getting a car boot slammed on Jörg's head started the nicknames off, and as for the general logistics they didn't fare much better than Jörg's throbbing head. We started off with 6 Kestrel tents, so it looked like comfy nights - spread out two to a tent, but then when the tents were pitched it was discovered that we only really had the makings of four and a half tents. But with a bit of borrowing and stealing we managed to get that up to five tents minus a vertical pole and some pegs. The pegs we could live without, but the vertical pole was a bit more problematic, luckily the poke, I mean aluminium walking stick of Michael seemed to do the trick. (Ed's note: the author is mistaken because a "poke" is actually a peg, not a pole as it is referred to here!)

After having been assured (Ed's note: Thanks Russ!) that it was possible to sleep at the Giants Castle resort we were informed that this is in fact quite illegal, and that you would have to sleep either in a very expensive bungalow or four kilometres away in the middle of nowhere, so the middle of nowhere it was. The only problem with this was that Andrew, Nick and Peter with two of the tents wouldn't arrive until early the next morning. This meant a very cosy night and some frantic messages being left at the entrance gate to tell those arriving later where to meet up.

Day 1: Snow

The general idea was to load Ake as heavily as we could and head off up the foothills to the contour path and then up Giants pass and spend the night somewhere near the summit of the very impressive Giants Castle. Now for the reality... When Andrew, Nick and Peter arrived we loaded Ake as heavily as we could and set off through the rolling foothills to the contour path. Once we arrived at the contour path things were a little chilly and to our delight it started to snow, Ake also mentioned something about losing feeling in his arms so we took a little weight off. We carried on along the contour path and as we got to the bottom of Giants Castle pass it really started to snow! Our valiant hike leader Kevin



Snow on Day 1 J.Hacker

then chose to give Giants a skip and carry along the contour path as far as we could and rather ascend the escarpment via Langalibaleli Pass. So it came to pass at about three in the afternoon, we stopped on the contour path, set up camp, and waited for it to stop snowing.

Day 2: The Long Walk to Freedom

After our first very chilly night we set off into a beautiful snow covered landscape with the order of the day being to ascend the escarpment. We managed to climb Langali Baleli pass with out too much difficulty, and in the process have our first snow fight. As we reached the top of the pass we congratulated ourselves on a job well done and took in the view, which at this point was impressive enough - little did we know what lay in wait for us the next day. From there some of us took a quick detour to the Carboneers' graves, a group of British soldiers that were killed and thrown off the escarpment by a Basotho raiding party. (They also gave their names to a number of the surrounding peaks.) Lunch was spent sitting on the very edge of the escarpment with stunning views, good company and a highly intellectual conversation on the lubricating properties of Skippy Peanut Butter. That night was spent in a long flat valley (with no bushes or large rocks), which meant it was 'a long walk to freedom', so to speak. It was around about here that the discussion turned on the merits of constipation versus the cold of a long walk to find a suitable "pew spot".



Ake Bronwyn and Kevin changing in a 2man tent J.Wakeling

Day 3: The Top

This was going to be a big day, the idea was to bag four peaks, including Injasuti Dome and Mount Mafadi, the two highest peaks in South Africa. The first peak of the day was Popple peak. It wasn't directly on route, so we had our morning tea break near the base, left our packs and the more entrapped members of the party, summited, and got to see Mafadi looming on the horizon. For those of us who climbed Popple peak it was well worth the effort, not for the beautiful views, but because we got to slide most of the way down the snow chutes, on our butts!

Next on the hit list was the Judge - not really a high peak, but it's set forward a bit from the escarpment so the views are absolutely mind-blowing. Spread out before you are the foothills of the little berg, and stretching back to either side of you is the massive wall of the eastern escarpment, and behind you - snow covered mountains. Right, enough of the pretty views, now for the real reason that most of us signed up for South Africa's highest mountain.

First it was back towards the interior and over the Injasuti river, where some of us slipped on the frozen river and provided the rest of the party with entertainment as arms and legs flailed hopelessly in the



Neil and Sam getting cuddly J.Wakeling

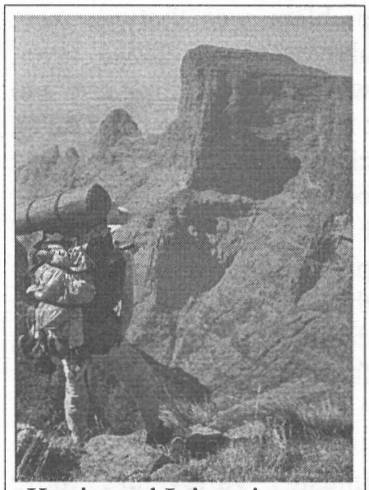
best upside down tortoise impersonation you've ever seen. Then up the eternal slope of the Injasuti dome - it was windy, cold, and did I mention windy yet? (Ed's note: it was bloody windy!!!) The hill seemed to carry on forever, the wind was howling, and it was well below zero. The snow didn't help much either. Once you finally reach the top of Injasuti Dome you are confronted with a reasonably wide neck and the even bigger Mount Mafadi. Eventually we all reached the top of Mafadi, but instead of stopping to take photos, cheer, enjoy the view and have a bite to eat, the only thing any of us wanted to do was get down - and fast! The reason that no one wanted to hang around was that the temperature was well below freezing, the wind was blowing at about eighty kilometres an hour. We were feeling the altitude and the lack of oxygen, and I must have mentioned the wind by now. Having dashed down Mafadi and found a vaguely wind-still spot, we stopped to have a very well deserved lunch. Congratulating ourselves on the epic feat we had just achieved, our valiant leader Kevin whips out of his rucksack nothing less that a bottle of champagne! Quite how he managed to keep it a secret, or what convinced him to carry it all the way in the first place no one will ever know - but thanks a lot Kevin!!!

That night was windy (you have probably picked up the pattern by now) but we all slept soundly none the less.

Day 4: Down (in a round about kind of way)

The original plan for this day was to go it as far as Campaign Castle, but the weather looked like it was turning, and the high berg is not the place to get caught in, in bad weather. So our entrapped hike leader Kevin decided to descend via Leslie's pass, sleep at the bottom and head out the next day to the Injesuti resort and arrange the cars from there.

A bit before lunchtime our directionally challenged leader Kevin says "I have good news and I have bad news"! As it turned out we slightly lost and had overshot Leslie pass and would have to backtrack about a kilometre. So, what's the good news you may ask? Well, our misguided leader could have noticed this a couple of kilometres further along, when we were well and truly lost.



Kevin and Injesuti J.Wakeling

The way down was fairly difficult, and misty but quite scenic none the less. That was our first night at a relatively low altitude, so it was decided to have a game of lie dice with a small amount of Schnapps, kindly supplied by Neil (who had carried it for the past 4 days)!!! This gives rise to the quote of the hike by our inebriated (not really but never let the truth destroy a good story) leader Kevin "I don't drink, really"!



The German and the Norwegian J.Wakeling

Day 5: Out (in a more round about kind of way)

From our campsite we set off down the Injesuti river past the stunning marble baths (well worth the visit), and on to Junction Pool. The only

problem was that we were above the sandstone layer, which made getting down to the junction quite challenging, and we spent the better part of the day going back on ourselves and picking our way down into the valley, but once finally down it was easy walking from there on out. The views of the red and yellow sandstone cliffs in the Injesuti valley are quite impressive and made our departure from the berg a memorable one. That night was spent at the Injesuti resort, with showers, and flushing toilets (no long walks to freedom!), bliss (Ed's note: for some!) . For all those who went - the memories and friendships will always be with us (and that view of Julia at marble baths, hey Sam).



Neil, Michael, Jörg, Sam
Petrol attendant clutching Jörg's camera

WILD COAST TRAIL
ROGER'S BOTANICAL FIELD TRIP IN THE TRANSKEI

Leader: Richard "Dirty Old Man" Milne
Group: Richard and Nick Milne, Maryjka and Lula "the Blazchicks", Roger Uys, Doug Hilderbrand, Jono Overette, Colette Gordon, Margaret Merry, Sonja Neidermeyer, Nic Botha



Sonja, Richard, Margaret, Nic, Colette, Maryjka, Jono, Lula, Doug
Nic Botha

Author: Nic Botha

"This isn't the Strandloper dammit!" - these words pretty much summed up our beloved leader's attitude towards the people that were trying to take this hike nice and easy (which was everyone except him).

The long ride to Coffee Bay along the Wild coast gave me my first taste of the life in a former homeland. Our first night in Bombvu Backpackers taught Colette not to eat bananas and custard when Nic is around with his camera. One has to appreciate the growth of tourism in this area at the backpackers (with large "No

smoking of marijuana" signs) we were offered to be taken to the "sacred Xhosa pools" where we will get a first hand experience of "authentic Xhosa culture". This sales pitch quickly dries when we let it slip that we were from Cape Town.

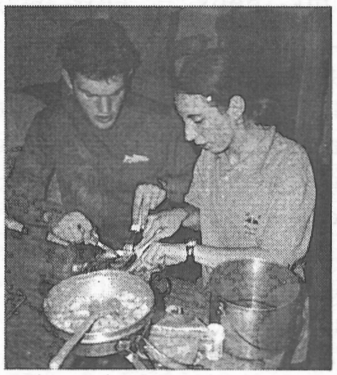


Colette chilling with locals
Nic Botha

Our first day was a great experience for me - my first ride in a minibus taxi. You think that they cannot fit anyone else in and yet space is found for another fat mama and her child. We made up for the lack of a radio by singing to our fellow passengers. I seem to remember Sonja getting a marriage proposal (Ed's note: and that wasn't from Rich - or was it?). After a succession of long rides, we finally arrived (late) at the gates of Silaka Nature Reserve. Our first day of hiking gave us a pretty accurate picture of what the rest of the hike would be like - hills and beaches (the sandy kind). Don't take this as complaining. Relaxing walks on long stretches of pristine beaches punctuated by grassy knolls is my idea of a great way to enjoy my holiday. The weather also allowed for us to walk around in shorts and t-shirts, soaking up the sun, while Cape Town got rained out. Our first stop also allowed for me to have a rum & coke, swim and massage (thanks to Colette).

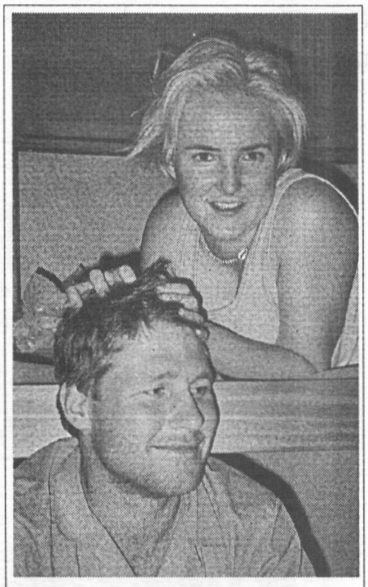
Our overly enthusiastic leader would have the annoying habit of waking us up at the crack of dawn and then rushing us on so that we could reach the next campsite by lunch. He solved this problem one day by losing his party, thus ensuring a nice relaxing walk for us. An occasional village punctuated the hike. This made us the event of the day. All the children would come out to show us the "correct path" and then beg sweets and money off us. One day we were privileged enough to have a group of 10 children just watching us have lunch. Our great relief came at the third campsite. We learned that a nearby village had a tuck shop and a local liquor storeguy. I had to tackle Lula to prevent her getting a cigarette (she was trying to quit). I didn't succeed, as the shopkeeper was more concerned with making money than supporting me on my moral quest. We later settled outside a hut, drinking in coke, beer and the view.

The 'highlights' of the hike were the river crossings. R2 to R5 got you from one shore to the other, no complications. What I can't understand is why one would



Nic and Margaret
Queer hiker with
Nic's camera

try to swim when there is a ferry. This was after our intrepid leader decided that we would attempt our first swim. The smart ones amongst us decided against this foolhardy course of

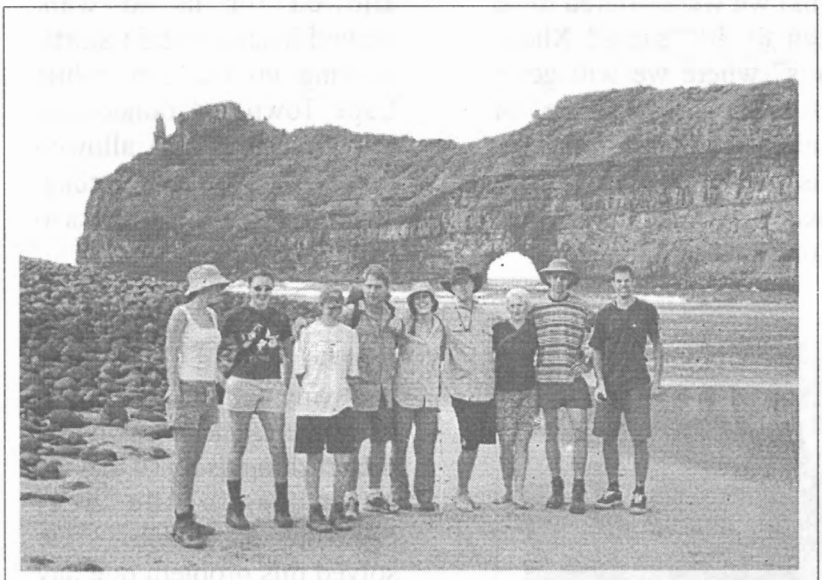


What happened next?
Nic Botha

action and opted for the ferry. Those that opted to swim soon found out that their survival bags were not so water proof. And we all know how *kak* it is getting your sleeping bag wet (and your cellphone). Overnight accommodation was traditional mud huts and

bunk beds. This was certainly better than tents - especially on the day that it blew gale force winds. The only incident came when the girls discovered a hornet's nest in their hut (and subsequently executed a hostile takeover of the boy's hut). We shall never forget Colette as Playpet of the Hike in her hiking boots, leopard skin bikini and cowboy hat.

The Transkei was a wonderful combination of sibling rivalry, rivers, botany, beaches and custard. I was sorry for it to end and can't wait to visit again. Next time though I am flying to East London as the drive down to Cape Town was a bit long for my liking.



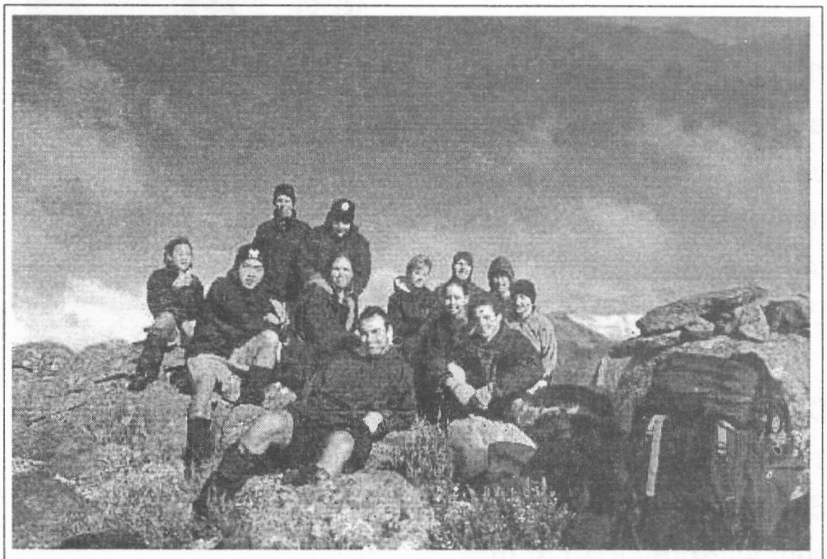
Whose hole is it anyway? Nic Botha



The Amatola hikers returning to Cape Town in July

AMATOLA TRAIL

Screenplay by: Frodo (Daniel)
Edited by: Gandalf (Bridget "Lotti")
Directed by: Legolas (Geoff)
Starring (in alphabetical order): Aragorn (Russell); Bilbo (Trevor); Eomer (Christof); Eowyn (Carmen); Farimor (Chris); Fairy Princess (Britta); Galadriel (Sonia); Gimli/Pippin (Iming); Gloin (Richard); Sam (Vernon) and the absent Gollum (anonymous)



The Happy Hikers G.du Toit

"105km within six days and the legend that the dense rainforests and the countless waterfalls of the Amatola gave J.R.R. Tolkien the inspiration for Lothlorien." Thrilled by the love of adventure and drawn magically by the secrets of the Amatola mountains we started our journey to the unknown land.

Day 1 Maden Dam to Gwili Gwili Hut 15.3 km

The first epic adventure of the Amatola trail involved most vac trips' eternal problem: "The Car Shuffle"; solved by squeezing 3 people and kit into Richard's bakkie, and the remaining 10 persons plus a 65 litres backpack into Vernon's Polo!

The trail officially starts at the Maden Dam then follows the Buffalo River upstream through the forest. Some of us reached the Gwili Gwili Hut establishing a new land speed record whilst the rest of us braved the cold and clouds. The Entertainment Committee inaugurated the evening's festivities with a hiking classic card game whose dirty name is well known.

Day 2 Gwili Gwili to Dontsa Hut 19.6 km

The long distance of day 2 was eased by a flat path that led us through a dense forest, lush meadows and passed several viewing points into the valley and of the trail lying before us. Lacking larger hiking challenges today, we devoted lots of our attention to the magnificent surrounding nature and explored, beside the manifold flora, louries, monkeys and an anxious frog. Already shortly after the start the special magic of the Amatola influenced our minds as it did to J.R.R. Tolkien a long time ago. It

did not take long and we realised in every one of us another character of the "Lord of the Rings". Lotti, especially, resembling very much Gandalf demonstrated her stick's magical power causing Vernon to slip immediately.

Day 3 Dontsa to Cata Hut 16.8 to 18.9 km

Sheltered by our hut and kept warm by the fire that Richard kept burning the whole night, we listened to the storm outside, whose strong winds accompanied the party next morning at its hike.

But, which way should we go to the Cata Hut, since three roads diverged in that yellow wood the upper, the middle and (can you guess it?) the lower route. Beside the fact, that



Russell, Geoff, Chris
G.du Toit



Lotti in full swing
G. du Toit

the upper route claims to be the longest one, there is, according to those who followed the path, nothing special other than waterfalls. Lotti, Iming and Trevor (getting all the hills and none of the waterfalls!) opted for the middle route, which proved not to be the golden mean, since they got lost and could find their way out of the labyrinth only with other people's help. So, after all, the lower route is highly recommended. Richard, Sonia and I were rewarded with spectacular views as well as cascades offering a perfect spot for having hot chocolate and tea with lemon. Additionally, we could even spot two Amazonian bathers who turned out to be Britta and Carmen. After this 18.9 km long hike, we finally faced the half burnt down Cata Hut with black walls, beds being in need of repair and a broken window that was fixed by us provisionally. But we made the best out of it. Sonja and Geoff again whipped up an awesome dinner for the Fellowship.

Day 4 Cata to Mnyameni Hut 13.5 km

The fourth day rewarded us with Geju Peak (1850 m): a very, very windy and cold plateau the hosts magnificent views. Descending, we tackled the slopes of the Mnyameni Gorge offering another beautiful view of the dense forest in the valley and *more* impressing waterfalls. After a nice and sunny lunch being used by some people for a nap we had to go down again entering the green forest and passing more waterfalls again and swimming pools. Especially the latter caused a lot of problems since both guys and girls

were keen on taking a bath. The guys left the pool earlier in exchange for "happy sweets" granted exceptionally by Lotti. This, in terms of distance (13.5 km), short day was considered the best one because we had enough time for enjoying the scenery without even thinking of wasting time.

Day 5 Mnyameni to Zingcuka Hut 18.2 km

Today's entertainment, for the slower group, was a wide selection of famous 60, 70 and 80s songs artfully performed by Sonja, Britta and Trevor. As if we had all the time of the world, we could not resist a beautifully situated pool providing an ideal lunch spot approximately 8 km ahead of Zingcuka Hut. At almost the same time, the tougher racing group stopped for lunch near the 15 km mark enjoying, once again, spectacular views.

The menacing cow blocking our path was swiftly dealt with by the powerful and fearless Carmen, after Russell backed down from the challenge. The impressive boardwalk serving as entrance to the lovely wooden Zingcuka Hut was appreciated almost as much as its very (!) hot shower.



Iming, Chris, Trevor, Vernon, Lotti
Russell, Carmen, Rich, Britta, Geoff
Christoph, Sonja

G. du Toit's camera

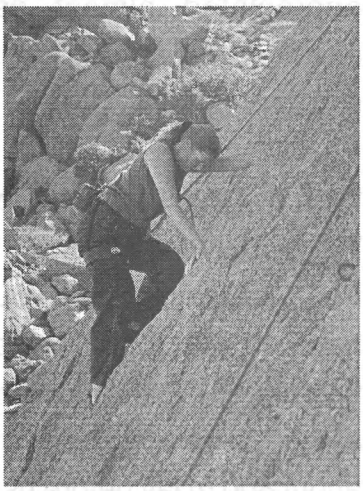
Day 6 Zingcuka Hut to Tyumie River 15 km

For the Amatola Trail, you have to be fit until the finish! 15 km and an ascent to the Hogsback of about 800 m lay before us, when Geoff woke the party up with his version of "on top of old smoky" at 6 am.

After successfully tackling the longest ascent of the hike, the enjoyment of the views was hampered.

Lotti, Chistof, Vernon, Geoff and I challenged the remaining 100 m until the top of Hogsback Mountain and bagged the 1845 m peak, whilst the other half of the group decided to follow the trail running below the peak. After admiring the ice covered rocks and the icicles hanging from the trees, we finally made it to the hike's finish line at 2 pm and waited relaxing in the sun for the cars.

Thanks to all hikers for this splendid journey!!!



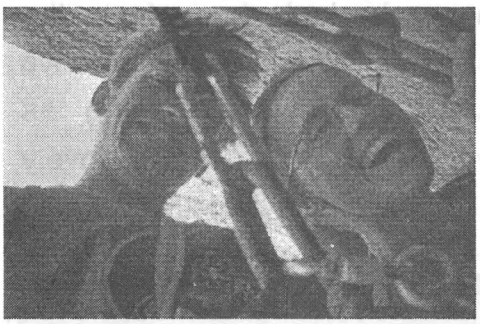
Kerry the Legend Berry on Spitzkoppe in July
S. Bretherick



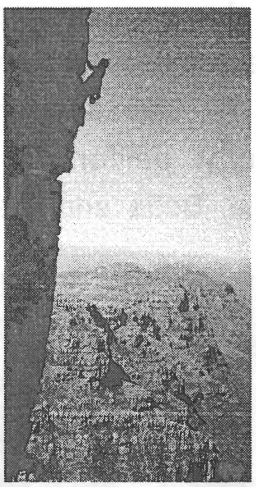
The Spitzkoppe clan: ?, Sue, Matt Britton, Marian Penso, Kerry Botha, ?, Steve Bretherick and David Glass
self-timer



Kerry and a guy on Spitzkoppe
S. Bretherick



Bruce Spottiswoode and Cath Musto on Forever Friends (Montagu) J. Wakeling

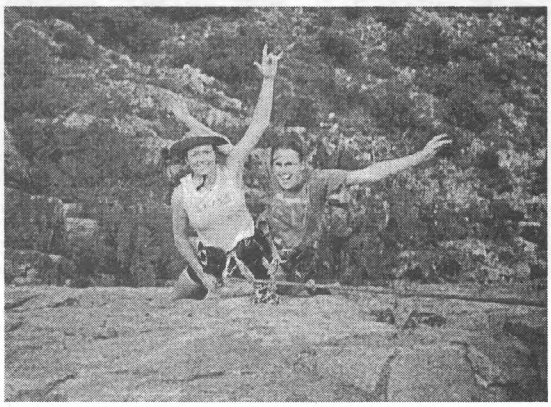


Bruce Spottiswoode on Jacob's ladder
A. Wakeling

Spitzkoppe, TM and Montagu



Julia at the top of Africa Crag A. Lewis



Julia Wakeling and Cath Musto on Forever Friends (Montagu) B. Spottiswoode

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3 August (Bruce's birthday)
4 August (Kevin's birthday)

MILNER PEAK

The Leader: Wolraad Euvrard
The Group: Julia Wakeling, Kevin Iles, Russell Shaw, Geoff du Toit, Bruce Spottiswoode, Rob Macdonald
Author: Julia Wakeling

Why the hell would I want to write an article? Well, I lost the game we were playing. 7 of us, wishing that our legs would stop cramping and our backs weren't so sore, so we could stay a little longer, in our cramped kestrel ("falcon"). 3 little tents being blown flat, on the Milner vlakters, by the snowy wind that was coming off the peaks. It had been a lovely, and a hard day. Having left Cape Town that morning, Geoff drove us - the last few kilometres along the farm roads and through the farm dam glad I was on the roof, rather than on the back bumper!!! Mr (Bruce) Spottiswoode broke the ice of the hike (pun intended) with the comment "I'm sweating



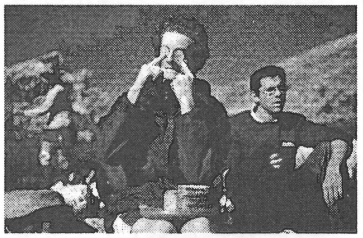
Rob, Bruce, Kevin, Julia Russell, Geoff at start
Wolraad Euvrard

like a pedophile in primary school"! Hell he had to be on form - it was his birthday! Going up the peak that afternoon was good fun, lots of snow! Unfortunately the weather got worse and worse, so we returned to our windswept home.

Back at camp - what was actually said:
Julia: "Wuz, please could you give me a massage?"
Geoff: "Sure Jules shall we go into my tent, to get out of the wind?"

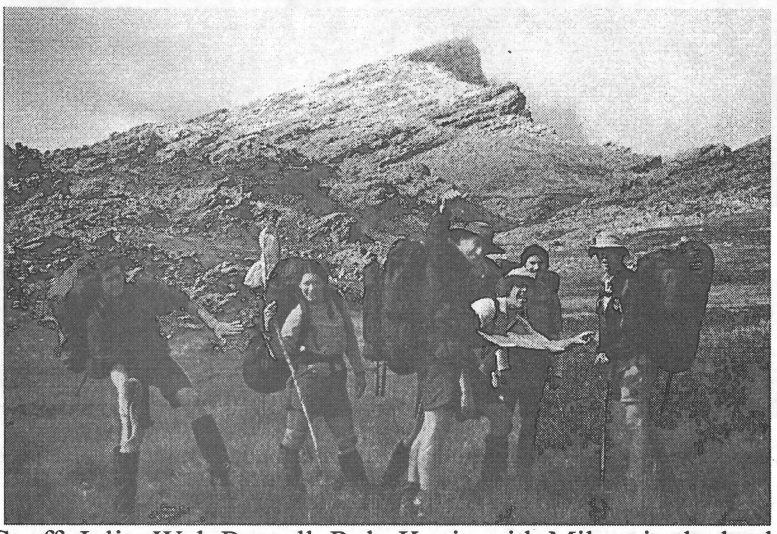
What it actually meant:
Julia: "Geoff, would you give me a hand with the Transkei Mud?" [Transkei mud = very good pudding]
Geoff: "Sure, in my tent, to hide it away from the birthday boys!"

Dinner seemed incidental, as a cake, cupcakes and a huge Transkei Mud (covered in candles), not to mention wine, chocolate and many, many balloons emerged from backpacks!

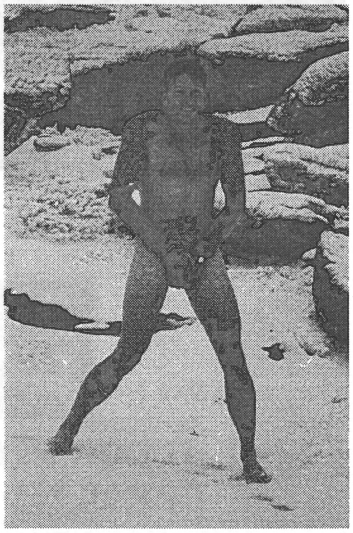


Julia, Geoff, Kevin
Wolraad Euvrard

The sunrise was exquisite and cloudless (and let's not forget Kevin's birthday chocolate).



Geoff, Julia, Wol, Russell, Rob, Kevin with Milner in the back
Bruce Spottiswoode



Bruce, the birthday boy, in his birthday suit G. Du Toit

Unfortunately the wind had blown the ground frozen and was still blowing. Despite, it was gorgeous and we refused to return beaten. So, we bagged the peak completely amazed at the power of the beauty which the Hex holds.

Another amazing MSC Hex trip and I sit and massage my knee while staring dreamily into the depths of my map.



Russell and Geoff on top
Wolraad Euvrard

"If you're not living on the edge you're taking up too much space."
Doug Robinson

DU TOIT'S PEAK

Leader: Dave Acott
Group: Ake Fagereng, Geoff du Toit, Gavin Greenwood, Birriget, Rich Kahle
Author: Gavin Greenwood

Well it started out as a usual morning for Dave and myself, about 4am. There was only one significant difference this time. For some reason a few silly people had been suckered in by a poster that was put on the MSC board. I'm sure the poster did mention something about "insanity" and "this is not for you", but for some reason they were not put off. This is why they may have regretted their decision.

Dave picked me up and we went to meet the rest of the "party" at the info centre. I think on this occasion it was the most prompt that any MSC group has arrived for a hike. Then through the darkness, we headed for the mountains, intending to climb the Du Toit's Peak.

I must say that for this hike it just seemed to be our day, everything was just so....so amazingly.....bad. Yes, well, just to start us off, as the darkness lifted so the clouds settled, well, mist as it were. Anyway "Tally ho" and fight the good fight and all that. Off we went into the "clouds", starting from Yellow wood amphitheatre.

Right, well, standing on the edge of what seemed to be a steep cliff which sounded really high, of course we couldn't see the bottom. Nor could we see the path which we wanted to take, never mind all in a day's work. The clouds did actually part for a short time, and we spotted the route and tottered off into the clouds again, following what we thought was a beaconed path. The beacons ended, but we continued....

Once we had walked through the clouds onto a neck, we sat in the sun for a short "rest" while building another beacon and pelting each other with sweets.

From then on it was relatively easy walking along the back slopes. Up and down a few smaller peaks, in and out of the clouds, between Yellow Wood and Du Toit's.

Eventually as we were heading up the last uphill to get to Du Toit's Peak I started to feel the effect of not having breakfast. No legs left. Push on, onward and upward and all that. I just had to get to the top, in the clouds and surrounded by patches of snow.

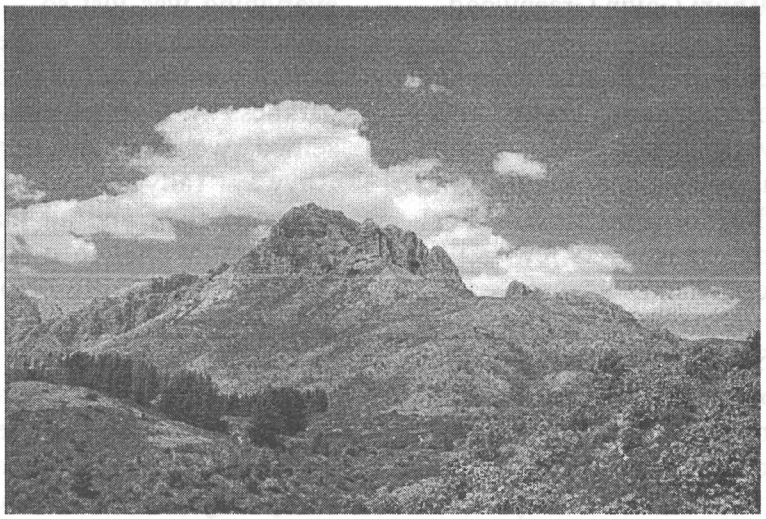
Huddled between two rocks which would have comfortably fitted 2, we squashed 6. Lunch was good. It was nice to eat something, even though it was provitas, peanut butter

and honey. I did pack a flask of tea, but considering the weather, even in a good flask the tea was only warm.

"The time has come the walrus said..." to go down the mountain. This was supposed to be the fun part of the hike. We scrambled down the front of Du Toit's Peak to get to the top of the first of what we had planned to be many abseils. We set up an abseil point, which in hind sight was not the greatest but it was all we could do. It eventually took over an hour for us all to complete the abseil and get the rope down. That had taken too long and there were too many more abseils to go. So we "turned around" and climbed back up to the top. That was a rather short 3 hour round trip, which landed us back on top of the mountain at 6pm. However we were now about to walk a path we knew lead to.... "Rome"... or the tunnel.

As we were heading down Dave mentioned something about a ridge which led back towards the cars, because they were parked about 10km from the tunnel. In the fading light we arrived at what Dave thought was the point where we had to leave the path and head down the ridge. We couldn't see further than 20m so we couldn't be sure, but off we went, why not?

After about 40 minutes of walking down hill we hit a dead end and had to turn back. Well it was a good thing Dave had brought a GPS along, we could just head back to the last way point he had put in the GPS which happened to be where we left the path 40 minutes earlier. We got very close to the last way point when we past the top of another ridge and Dave said "No seriously this looks familiar". I've been on many hikes with Dave and I knew he wasn't sure! But everyone agreed to try this one as well. Again about 40 minutes later we turned around, but before we started walking Geoff had to phone some friends to say he may not get back till late! There seemed to be an impassable cliff band. It was also after eight and dark. So we had to start using our touches.

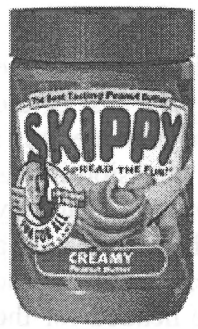


The peak they never saw - artist's impression

The only way left to navigate was to follow what we hoped was a well worn path, or the beacons. As you may have guessed, no the path was not very well worn and we lost it completely a number of times and then spent up to 20 minutes just looking for a beacon which would signify where the path continued.

10:30pm we finally descended bellow the clouds to see familiar landmarks. Come midnight, we walked into the truck stop at the tunnel, hoping to get a lift with one of the escort bakkies to our cars. No we couldn't get a lift. Richard and I ended up walking along the N1, trying to hitch, after 1am. We stopped at the Du Toit's Kloof resort to try our luck and try to get a lift from there. No luck.

At last we arrived back in Cape Town about 23 hours after we started. I had walked for nearly 21 hours, I was now rather tired.



This page sponsored by Bronwyn Kirk

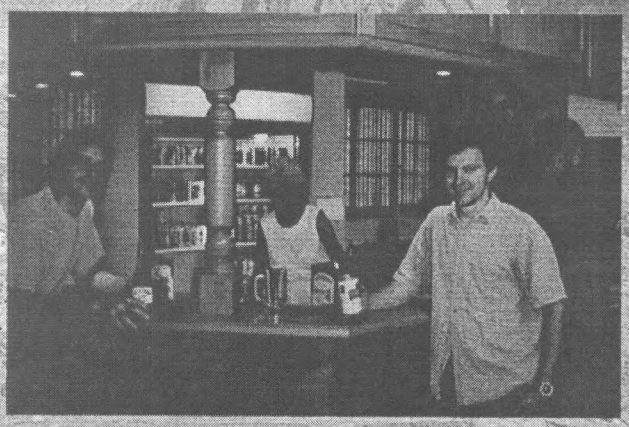
The Mountain Club of South Africa

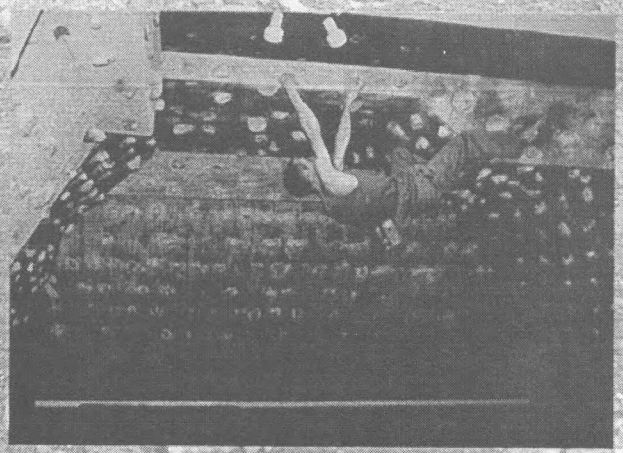
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Whether you enjoy exploring the classic rambles on Table Mountain, pitting your skills against steep, athletic sport routes, or are drawn by the intimidating big walls of our spectacular western Cape mountains, you can only benefit from signing up with South Africa's top mountain club.

The first Tuesday of every month is a vibrant exciting evening where climbers get together, swop stories, watch slide shows and generally have fun.

We bring international mountaineers to South Africa so that our young climbers can integrate with and learn from these stars.





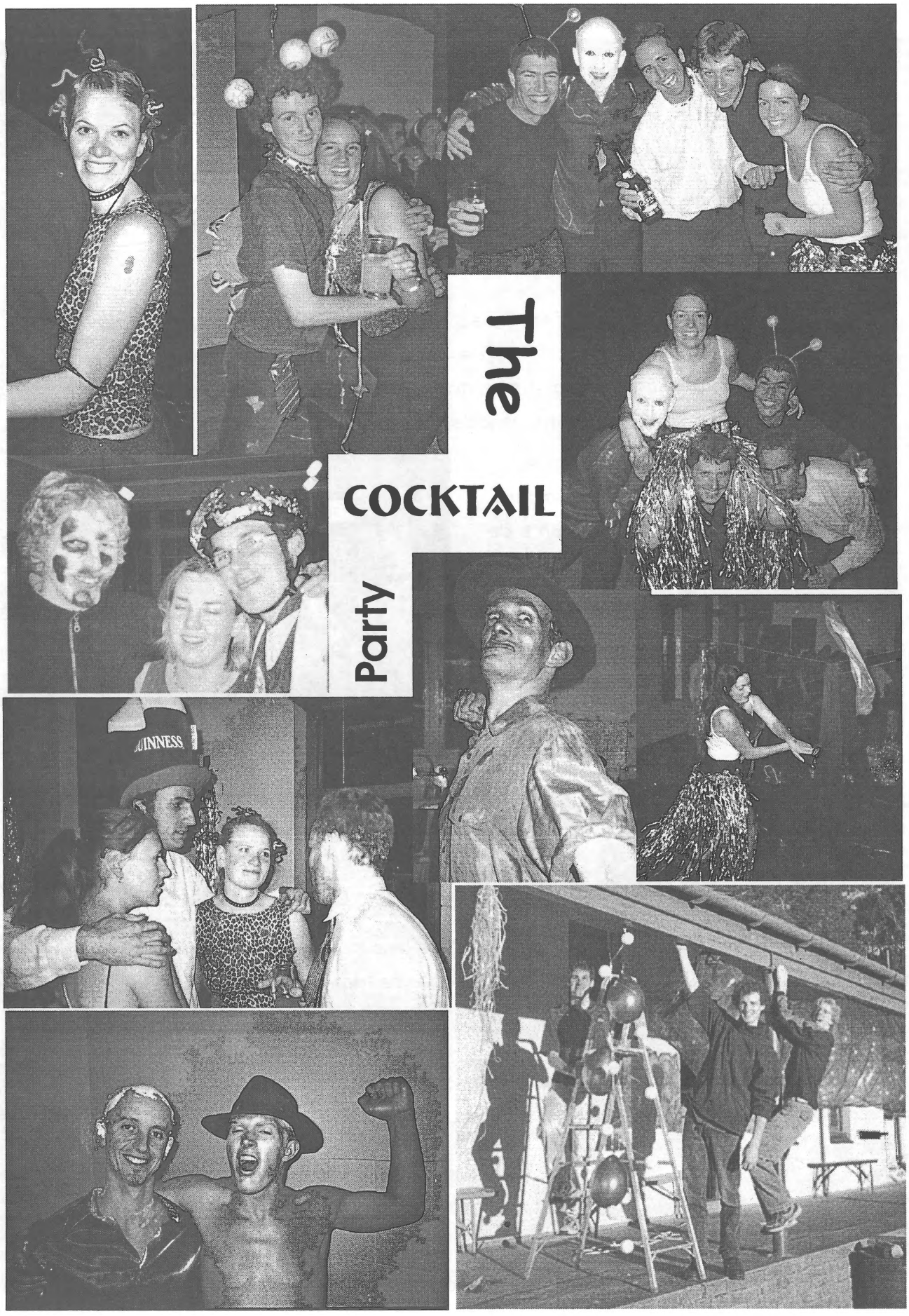
Upstairs we have a bouldering wall that is open three nights a week and between 10.00 am & 2.00 pm everyday during the week. Shower facilities available.

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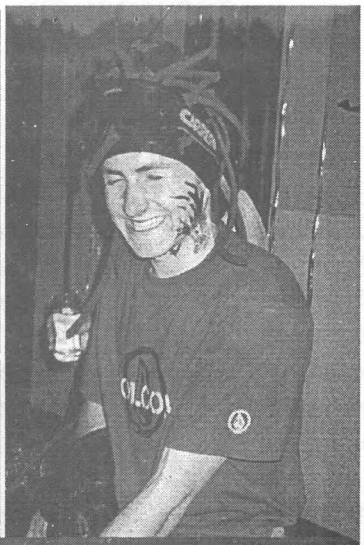
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The
COCKTAIL
Party

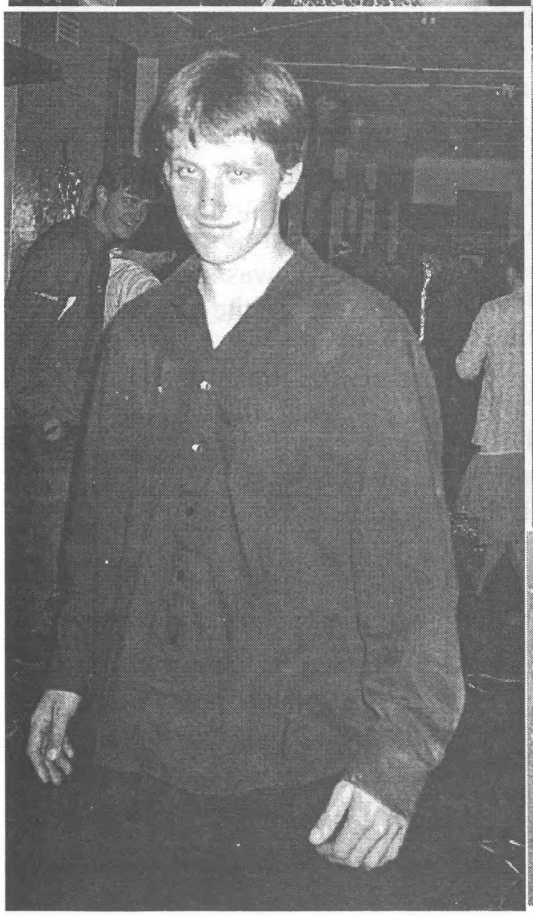


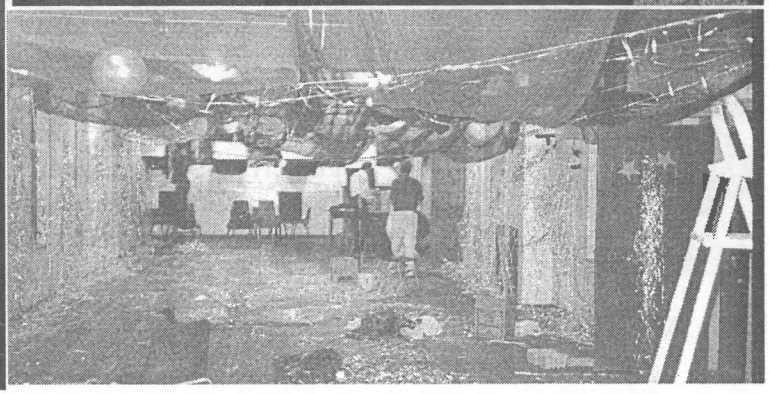












SEPTEMBER

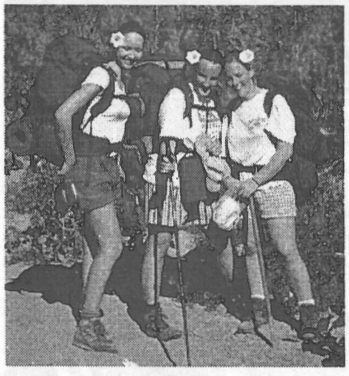
FISH RIVER TRAIL

Leader: Wolraad Euvrard
Group: Alex ?, Britta Dedekind, Bronwyn Lee, Dave Acott, Geoff du Toit, Mieke Krynauw, Nicholas Milne, Richard Milne
Author: Richard Milne, trimmed by Eds with garden clippers

At some excruciatingly early hour people arrived at UCT to argue about what cars will or won't make it to Namibia. Eventually, it was decided that we would take mine and Geoff's bakkies and Dave's car, and we were off.

After dealing with our own, as well as Namibian burocracy we reached Ai-Ais, had a quick dip in the hot pool, left the cars behind and moved on to the start camp in Hobas. The weather was quite clement, so we just crashed on the grass at the campsite, just out of the glare and bustle of a huge overlander truck and its insect-attracting halogen spotlights.

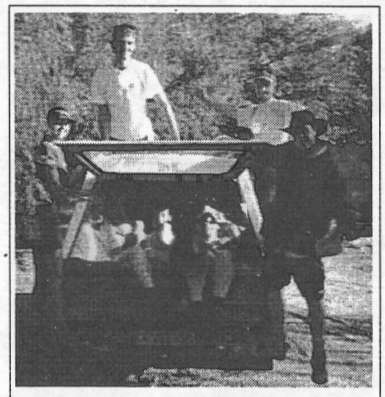
After some Italian tourists helped with a car shuffle we



Britta, Mieke, Bronwyn
Wolraad Euvrard

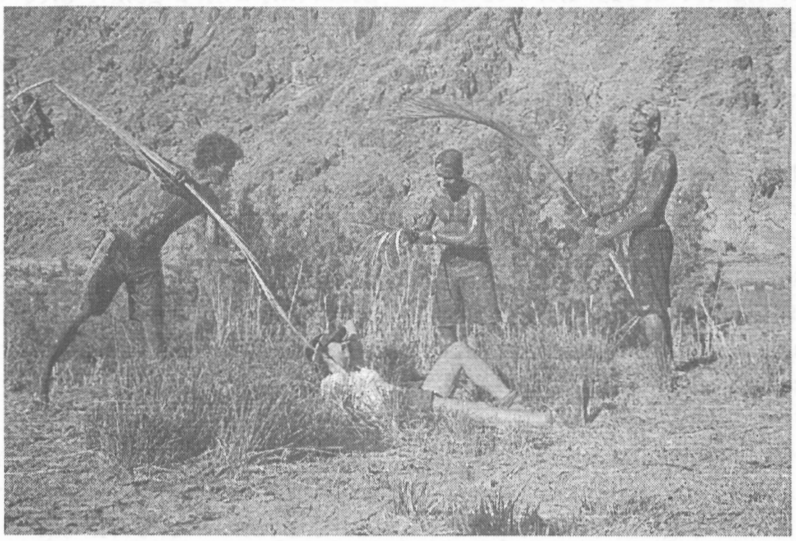
finally began the descent at about half past nine and fetched up at the bottom of the canyon roughly two hours later. The descent was not that arduous; although there were the patches of loose rock, the going was generally good and the sun, although bright, was still approaching its zenith. Some did find the going tougher than others, mostly due to carrying rocks courtesy of Dave. Awaiting us at the bottom was a large sandy beach and a placid expanse of pool. Clearly, after our epic descent, it was time for a swim, and everyone stripped off to their costumes. In a foretaste of what was to come, Britta stripped off a little more once she was on the far side of the pool and thought she was discreetly out of everyone's view. We know this because Wol told us... after a quiet period of reflection with his 180mm zoom lens.

After swimming, everyone decamped to a large outcrop of rock to dry off and have some lunch. Cue the birds, who had evolved to exploit the evolutionary niche presented by messy hikers. With a flurry of wings, we were soon surrounded. Bright, beady little eyes watched every movement while we ate and pounced on every crumb that fell onto the rock or that was proffered gingerly in our fingers. Once everyone, both man and bird alike, had eaten their fill we dispersed to various patches of shade to relax and digest our meal.



Runaway bakkie
Wolraad Euvrard

At around two o'clock our repose was interrupted by a raucous discussion of rugby as a party of Afrikaans hikers reached the canyon floor. As it was about time we were moving on anyway, we set off in pursuit of our peace and tranquility. Now we were really for it. The going after lunch was either fine, soft sand or ankle twisting boulders. The sun, which had been warming up during our descent, had been beating down the whole afternoon and now the landscape was sweltering. For the rest of the afternoon we sweated and struggled downstream in search of our campsite, the fabled Palm Springs, which were supposedly another 10 kilometres further. Fortunately, there were plenty of cool pools along the way, of which we took full advantage. On one occasion, Mieke, her fingers puffy with the heat, couldn't be bothered with the rigmarole of changing and just waded straight into the pool, fully clothed.



Her majesty Wolraad Euvrard

Along our way, we saw signs of other traffic down the canyon - literally. Round one bend, we came across the luridly painted remains of a Vespa scooter. At some stage two friends had attempted to travel the length of the canyon on their scooters, but, deterred by the rocky nature of the initial stages, had abandoned their vehicles here and hiked up the escape route to the viewing platform.

Eventually, exhausted by the heat and the terrain, and with evening approaching, we abandoned our aim of getting to Palm Springs that night and settled for the first campsite we came across. We dropped packs by a stand of Tamarisk bushes and trees at the base of a cliff, from which a broad, smooth beach sloped down to a lovely expanse of pool. After supper that evening we started on the book of the hike, `The Sheltering Desert', by Henno Martin. The story tells of two Germans (and their dog Otto) who hid in the Kuiseb canyon in Namibia during WW II to escape internment and had to survive in the desert. Luckily our circumstances were not as serious.

Tuesday morning arrived and we settled into our hiking routine. The basic plan was to rise just before sunrise and get most of our hiking done in the cool of the morning. At around eleven we would choose a suitably sheltered spot for lunch and sit out the main heat of the afternoon. Once it had cooled slightly we would push on for a further hour, hour and a half until we found a campsite for the night.

It was not long before our nostrils were assailed by the stench of rotting eggs and we came to the Palm SULPHUR Springs. The palms supposedly grew from dates discarded by two other German prisoners from WW I. The pungent mineral water at 57C had cleared up the one's skin cancer and the other's asthma. Hearing this, we were ready to partake of the waters. First we tried sipping it, like tea. After choking on a cup of the stuff we decided to take a mud bath instead. Nick, Geoff and I daubed ourselves completely with black mud, changing our race and possibly changing our species. Back we came, shambling on our knuckles, grunting and beating our chests, looking for someone to hug. Funnily enough, no one was keen. While we picked and ate nits



Nic Milne Wolraad Euvrard

from each other's hair, Britta, displaying a distinctly colonial mindset, started cooing orders. Like an Egyptian princess, she was soon reclining languidly while being fanned by palm-frond waving attendants.

Having performed our duties, the party was allowed to move on. At this point we took a shortcut away from the river for a while and hiked around behind a ridge. As the sun got hotter and we got hungrier, we were still tracking through the expansive floodplain. We finally paused in a rapidly diminishing patch of shadow while various members of the party went off to recce for a better spot. On their return, Britta's cry of `Have you found my spot?' was answered in the affirmative and we all moved on to lunch in the expansive shade offered by the spreading branches of a large tree.

Three hours later we moved on to find a campsite. Tons of driftwood was smashed up against the banks of the river, so we decided to have a fire that night. Not just any fire - a monstrous bonfire. Nick and I indiscriminately threw on armfuls of wood until Nick lost his eyebrows and we couldn't approach within five metres of the inferno. In addition to his eyebrows, Nick also nearly lost his hand when scrubbing pots after supper. In the murky water palely illuminated by his headlamp, the mud stirred and a long, snake-like body with ghostly white face, all sucking mouth and whiskers, lunged for his fingers. His cry of surprise shooed off the barbel and further attempts to lure it back so we could stab it with our forks were in vain.

We had more time to relax that afternoon and evening and get to know the other members of our party. The appeal of the naturalistic spirit, demonstrated on the first day, spread and the girls went for a skinny dip but like crocodiles, or more aptly, a pod of hippos, coyly only allowed their heads to break the surface.

Next morning was cool and peaceful, with a gentle breeze carrying the delicate and subtle scents of the canyon minerals and vegetation on the morning air. We saw stretches of sand dunes stretching up the canyon walls. Most of the time was now spent hiking across the boulders now covering the Fish River's winter extent. Even though this was desert, there was still plenty of life, ranging from little rodents, birds and fishes up to herds of wild horses roaming through the canyon. We even saw a mother and her foal walking towards our campsite at Barbel Pools, dominated by Four Finger Rock.

Carrying on with our hike afterwards we spotted the Afrikaaners again. We marched on to the shelter afforded by the nearest bush. We dropped our packs and marched out again in single file. To my crisply barked commands, we halted, turned, bent and brown-eyed the Afrikaners. They retaliated. We got off unscathed though Brownwyn and Britta



Top: Alex, Britta, Rich Milne, Bronwyn Lee, Mieke Krynauw, Dave Acott
Bottom: Geoff, Wol, Nic Milne Wolraad Euvrard

sustained collateral damage. They had dropped back slightly from the main platoon and had been walking through no-man's land at the time of the exchange and got caught in the cross-fire.

At the next campsite Geoff suggested that we all dance naked round the fire. The girls were having none of this, Bronwyn in particular bowing out owing to recently dressed blisters. So the guys contented themselves by leaping and diving through the flames of the bonfire. This looked like fun, so much so that after a while Bronwyn couldn't resist and jumped up to leap through the flames. Only a couple of minutes later did the dichotomy between her words and deeds strike us. The guys then challenged the girls again to join them around the fire. In an unwise move, the girls nominated Mieke as their spokesman. She provisionally agreed on condition that we all strip off first. Before she had finished speaking out clothes had hit the dust. Shocked and surprised that we had agreed so readily the girls had no option but to join the guys cavorting round the fire, and we all `had an uplifting time'. All, that is, apart from Nick, who had been washing pots. He now wandered back, to be turned into a pillar of salt at the sight greeting him.

Friday was our last day on the trail, and thus the last opportunity to wreak revenge on Dave by stuffing his bag with rocks for a change. After this incident the hike was basically over. After fetching the cars from Hobas, the group assembled round the hot springs for lunch. Everyone unpacked their packs to get out their salami's, cheese, pro-vitas, honey... and rocks. Dave's swearing drew even more attention to himself. The initial stares were due to his hair. For the annual cocktail party, Dave had shaved his head completely, apart from a lightning bolt down the side, which he had peroxided. After seeing Dave every day for the past week, we were quite used to the sight. Not so the predominantly conservative, middle aged clientele of the resort.

SEPTEMBER

3 PEAK CHALLANGE

Leaders: Nic Gibson, Andrew Lewis
Group: Jay Metton, Lakisha, Ake Fagereng, Charne Lavery, Jonathan St Clair, Peter Hagen, Michelle Vogts, Alex ?, Moritz Thilo, and Geoff & Patrick du Toit at the end!
Article: Nic Gibson

The Annual 3 Peaks challenge, consisting of summitting all three main peaks visible from the city, in one day, took place this year on the 14th of September.

The hike began with the larks at 6:30am (it was going to be a hot day before the clouds rolled in - and the leader didn't want people perspiring of heat exhaustion on the big climb (Ed's comment: Oh, noble noble hike leader)). After doing a bit of a car shuffle to Lions Head, and watching an awesome sunrise over the city bowl, the trek began.



Andrew, Jay, Moritz, Alex, Michelle, Charne, Nic, Peter, Jonathan, Ake: some lazy sod who took the cablecar (with Nic's camera)

Devils Peak was summitted without any moans or groans, except for Jonathan 'Trailbruiser' St Clair who managed to charge into every obstacle and bush in the way. The howling wind helped to sharpen our morning wits as we teetered precariously over the knife edge.

This wind heralded the arrival of a super low and thick cold front cloud bank. It was quite spectacular to see it come rolling in over Lions Head and the city bowl, but it also meant that our hopes of watching the sunset from the last peak of the day were dashed.

We bid farewell to Jay 'Jay-Me-Hon' Metton and Lakisha as they descended via Newlands Ravine back to UCT. Why knock off all 3 peaks in 1 day, when you can spread the hike out over 3 months and enjoy them all so much more?
Nic, the fearless leader, was starting to get a bit concerned with the 10% rule, as two of his 11 member strong party had just stepped out, but the worries were alleviated when Ake 'Why-am-I-waiting' Fagering met us at Maclear's beacon, and then later Geoff and Patrick 'The-Ice-Boys' (Smirnoff Ice that is) joined us on Lions Head with refreshments (thanks guys). So fortunately, with a net plus one party size, there would be no enquiries as to the missing members at the end of the hike.

Alex spearheaded our charge into the wind from Maclear's to the top of Platteklip where we ran into the exhausted, sweat drenched cable car tourists resting in the shade after their 'expedition'. Andrew 'I-know-everybody-on-this-mountain' Lewis lead us down along Fountain ledge, stopping to chat to everyone and his dog as he ran into all his friends on the mountain.
An excellently chosen lunch stop at the bottom of Fountain Ledge gave us a good view of the crown of Lions Head popping out of the clouds our last peak for the day! So, with nice warm muscles, we charged up Lions Head so that Michelle 'Is-it-windy-up-here' Vogts could take a couple of pictures of the mist.

Thanks to
Moritz 'I don't know, I just live here' Thilo for his great local knowledge,
Charne 'Delicious' Lavery,
Peter 'Challenge, what challenge?' Hagen,
Andre 'Should I take another picture'

and all the above mentioned characters for a splendid hike. The great company and atmosphere made it seem more like the 3 Peak Stroll than Challenge. Well done!

Selected **edited** quotes:
"A daring route ... good guidance ... speedy" Michelle

... gale force winds ... good exposure ..., a tiring but enjoyable day. Alex

.. a lot of fun .. a real sense of accomplishment. Lakisha

... know that you will be on top ... all ... Day. Moritz

When I ... peak... I ... feel exhausted by the end... a good challenge, but it was not as tough as I expected... just a little more fun than usual... Slightly annoying at times ... as we ...lost all the great ... Head. Peter

Disclaimer: The above quotes were greatly edited and may not reflect the intentions of the quoted person!

"I'm going to klap that farmer stukkend if he's stolen my wheels. What a chop." - (the Reverend) Adam Harrower 2/6/2002 in the Hoare Hut logbook

October

The BOLAND 90 Hiking Competition

Author: Stephen van Helden

The Teams:

Mens: Ake Fagereng
Steven van Helden
Rich Milne
Geoff du Toit

Ladies: Nina van Vlaaderen
Nicole Ross
Britta Dedekind
Sarah von Lingen

Mixed: Sarah Gaines
Caz Lewis
Nic Gibson
Russell Shaw

Everything was looking peachy until we passed Grabouw. Here the volume of water from high above increased. To cut a long story shortish, we arrived in the rain, which got harder, wetter and colder. It got dark about 20 minutes after our arrival, and the big tents, together with our personal stuff (i.e. rain gear) only arrived about half an hour after that

Cursing rocky ground, dodgy tents and bent pegs, our heroic group pitched 5 tents in the muddy campsite. This was followed by a boring welcome, a reasonable meal, and cosy bed - a dome tent resembling a partially filled porter pool. This problem was confounded at 2:45am. Suddenly all tent inhabitants sprang awake at the same instant to find a shower nozzle effect being employed on our hapless selves. Our astute leader Geoff recognised the fact that the fly sheet had gone bye-bye, and together with myself leapt semi-naked and barefoot into the black maw of outside the tent to rectify this. We succeeded, and



feeling like the wet and dripping heroes that we were attempted to get dry, warm and to sleep once more.

Day one was characterised by loads of rain, hail and strong winds - supplemented by a bit of snow and frozen hands. We hiked well and were rewarded by the quickest time for the day.

Day two saw clear skies, showing white capped peaks all around. It was warm and sunny, and saw strong hiking again, ending in a bracing river crossing.

Day three was a day of constant drizzle that did nothing to dampen our spirits, but being the last day, we were as strong as possible despite various small afflictions.

Overall, the three UCT teams performed admirably, and added a spirited element to the competition. We were often greeted by judges and marshals chanting our own "war cry".

Thanks and congratulations must go to all the team members, and the support team, who dispensed vital and great quality food and massage. The latter often making people stronger individuals by shattering pain thresholds (courtesy Nadine). The mens' team get a special mention for their avant garde means of first aid inspection, whereby one eye drops tube can be multiplied into four. Magic!!

All in all it was a memorable and enjoyable experience, that has helped me to understand what my grandparents feel like physically and this has made me and everyone else that does it a better person. Now that I again feel invincible, I have little doubt, that come October next year - I will be setting out into the Hottentots Holland once again.

"Gravity is a harsh mistress" The Tick

SASSU Climbing - Cape Town July 2002

Author: Carly Brown

The morning of the SASSU climbing competition dawned bringing with it mystery and suspense. Would UCT be able to defend its title of SASSU champions for the 4th year running, or had some other university been secretly breeding a cross between man and ape to try and overthrow us from our long-occupied throne? As the hosts, we had home ground (the Stadium on Main) advantage, ie. we knew how to get there.

Everyone arrived at an unfortunate hour to hear the rules and view the qualifying routes. Other teams were Potchefstroom, Rhodes and WITS. UCT's usual horde of climbers made its dominating presence felt in the tiny climbing area. Jamie, the route setter had created three qualifying routes for everyone to climb, to separate the apes from the humanoids. The contestants that climbed the highest would be allowed into the final.

We all took our turns up the routes, including Ailsa, who managed to find time to climb in between organising the competition. At the end of the day, UCT had dominated the men's competition, with many of them making the final (the exact numbers are hazy at this point, too many to mention). In the girls' competition, only four were allowed to progress to the finals, with one UCT member making it through.

The next morning we were all back in various states of terror or calm, to see what Jamie had to challenge us with this time. An unnerving lack of climbing grips claimed our attention, and a lot of space. Terror levels increased slightly. Ailsa wasted no time in rounding up the girls and getting them on the wall. The first three climbers were spat off but Kath Fourie from Rhodes managed to finish the route with apparent ease. Another Rhodie, Shirley Antrobus came second with Carly Brown from UCT managing third.

Next came the boys. The competition was tight, and it looked like a superfinal was going to be required to separate out the two best climbers, Craig Reed from UCT and Sean Kraukamp from WITS. It was. To create a superfinal route Jamie simply removed even more grips. Suspense mounted, and breath was held. Craig managed to inch his way to victory, for the second year running. To complete his domination of the competition (and refusing to let someone else win for a change) he proceeded to win the speed competition as well. Again! To maintain consistency, Kath managed to win the girls' speed as well.

So due to our obvious resources for training and our overwhelming talent, UCT managed to claim back the trophy that had never really left our clutches at all. Some nice prizes were awarded to the victors, as well as some shiny medals.

Like good hosts we then introduced the foreigners to some Cape Town climbing at the Hole, where apparently a few spectacular falls were had. Then, to celebrate our victory and comfort the

other teams that had come from all over the country, we all headed to Nino's in Newlands, where a huge buffet was organised by Ailsa. We ate, drank, and talked about climbing (what else) until the food ran out. Knowing the capacity of an average climber (Nani was there, this should tell you everything QUANTITY!), this didn't take long.

And so ended another successful SASSU competition. Tune in next year to find out if UCT can make it 5 years running, and if Craig will let someone else have a turn.

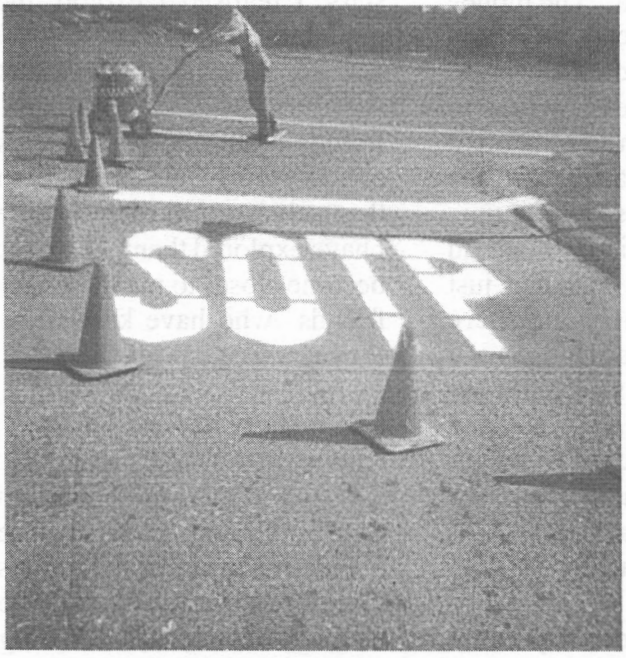
Overall results:
DIFFICULTY
Men:
1. Craig Reed (UCT)
2. Sean Kraukamp (WITS)
3. Dave Glass (UCT)

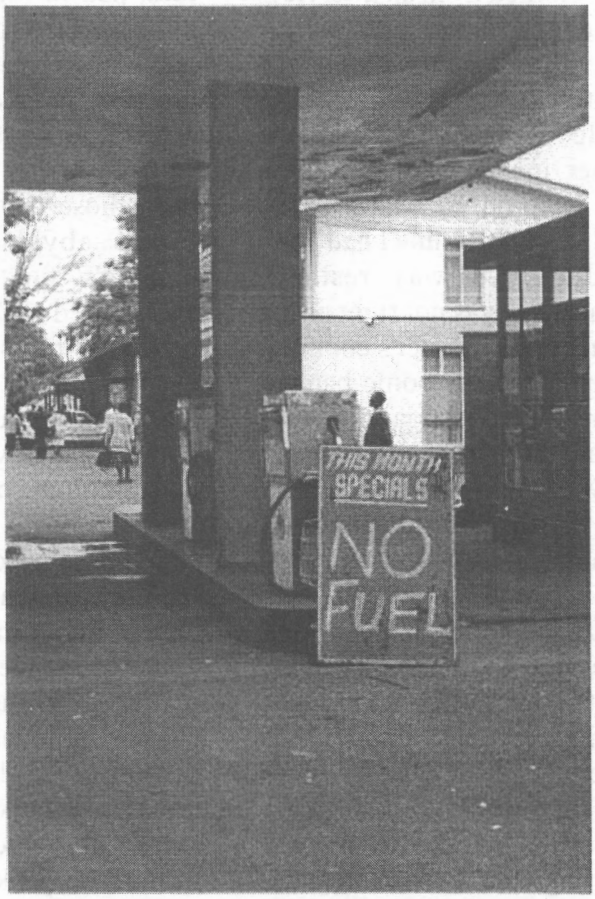
Women:
1. Kath Fourie (Rhodes)
2. Shirley Autrobus (Rhodes)
3. Carly Brown (UCT)

SPEED
Men:
1. Craig Reed (UCT)
2. Nani de Villers (UCT)
3. Dave Glass (UCT)

Women:
1. Kath Fourie (Rhodes)
2. Maudie Brown (Potch)
3. Carly Brown (UCT)

Teams:
1. UCT
2. Rhodes
3. Wits
4. Potch





you ask why i make my home in
the mountain forest,
and i smile, and am silent,
and even my soul remains quiet:
it lives in the other world which
no one owns
the peach trees blossom
the water flows

Iming Lin

IN SEARCH OF SELF
by Kevin Iles

Recently I returned from what was meant to be one of my "solitude" trips that I really don't get to do enough of, and which my friends think are absolutely crazy. All that happens is that I pack a bag and with plans that go no further than getting away from home I head for the hills, sometimes with my dog in tow. Generally there's no route in mind and no set time of return. Because I'm on my own there are no responsibilities and I can head for wherever I find interesting at whatever speed I choose and stay for as long as I like. And, of course, there's plenty of time to think. This last trip was a desperately needed one. I had just returned from an interview in Johannesburg with a firm that was everything I thought I wanted. I had spent a long while working with them earlier in the year and knew that I would be happy there. And yet, all the time I had been in Joburg I was restless. Something was not right and it wasn't just my sister's cooking. When the plane home banked over the coast and Table Mountain came into view I knew instantly what it was it had been the absence of mountains.

I thought about it for a long time and just couldn't decide whether a career was worth sacrificing mountains for. I ended up doing what I always do in moments of great indecision packed my dog and my bag and headed for the Cedarberg. Frustration Peak seemed appropriate and when I reached the summit I knew what I had to do. Excited at having made up my mind, and wanting to get home and take action before I got all doubtful again I hot-footed it across to Kromriver where I met a friend of mine who I hadn't seen in ages and together we set out for Dwarsriver hoping to catch a lift from Sanddrif. After having caught up on all the news we began to reflect, inevitably, on what it was about the mountains that kept bringing us back. Both of us had been hiking Cedarberg pretty regularly for about 10 years and yet we still couldn't say why we did it. The money that we had spent on permit fees, petrol, food and gear on all our frequent trips to mountain ranges would probably have easily been the deposit on a house a long time ago. Too many times there had been those trips that had just failed abysmally where nothing's fun anymore and you're tired and sore and your backpack hurts and you hate the trip and just want to get off the damn mountain and go home. And always, we would end up coming back.

In my case it's certainly not in the hope of achieving fame or exceptional mountaineering feats or brave moments of daring. It's quite possibly a slight irrationality, it's more probably a love for the mountains but that alone is not sufficient to account for the lure of the peaks. I look at a map of South Africa now and there are few mountains that will ever just be mountains again. So many of them now have attached to their names the memories of those who shared my adventures with me. People who, for the most part, I'll never see again, some of whom have already died, some of those taken by the mountains they also loved and yet none of that matters because as long as the peak remains so does the fact that together we once shared it. My rapid dash for home turned into a four day excursion round some of the lower ridges with my friend and, sitting round the fire one night staring at the stars, I realised I explore the mountains in search of myself, and on the way I have met strangers who soon became friends. While the mountains are certainly a reward in themselves, many of the people I have explored them with have become closer to me than "city friends" who have known me for years.

One night in the TM hut I was reading Reg Pearse's *Barrier of Spears* and was startled to find explained so clearly the affection I have for mountains that I had been trying to unscramble on that Cedarberg trip and which, rather badly I fear, I have been trying to put my finger on here:

Why do men climb mountains? Why are they so eager to accept the challenge of the high peaks? When George Mallory, of Everest fame, was asked that question, he replied 'Because they are there'. This is no evasion of the

question. Those who know of the silence of high places, the beauty of snow-grit peaks, good fellowship round the camp fire, night bivouacs under the stars, the long tramp home in the evening light after a day on the hills, will know that there is more in that short answer than mere evasion. It is because the mountains are there - steadfast, immutable, holding their pools of blue light between banks of drifting cloud, the air sweet with the scent of flowers. They belong to the world of cloud and wind and open skies. The mountains hold peace, and fulfilment, and healing. When men climb mountains they go in search of themselves. They seek mastery over self, mastery over their fears, a greater self-knowledge, a deeper sensitivity to the sheer joy of being alive. They seek a beauty that is not of this world. Their motives are essentially personal. The mountaineer finds a challenge there that is physical, mental and spiritual. And the fact that death is often at his elbow is but a heightened joy, for danger is the salt of life. When you visit the margins of death you are more conscious of life, and life takes on a sharpness, an intensity, a clarity that you will find nowhere else.

And so I rejected the idea of work at a Johannesburg firm, placing mountains first. Instead I am only going to Joburg for a year to a different job, a more spiritually satisfying one: one that will challenge the things I believe to be right and broaden my narrow horizons so that I will hopefully come to love not just the mountains, but also those people who, through some strange misfortune of circumstances, of poverty or of physical disability will never get to see those mountains that I love. I will desperately miss the Cape, and already am eagerly awaiting the end of the year when I will get to return home to the peaks that hold my heart and to Frustration Peak, which has now ceased to be just another peak. Hopefully I'll always be climbing, hopefully I'll always be meeting more people to share my journey. But as I say goodbye to the MSC I also say thank you to those of you who have walked with me on my journeys in search of self. Years later when I sit on a peak somewhere watching the sunset with a bottle in my hand (yes, law will eventually drive me to drink I suppose) I will think back on all these years and laugh. The best years of my life. The MSC friends, mountains and me.

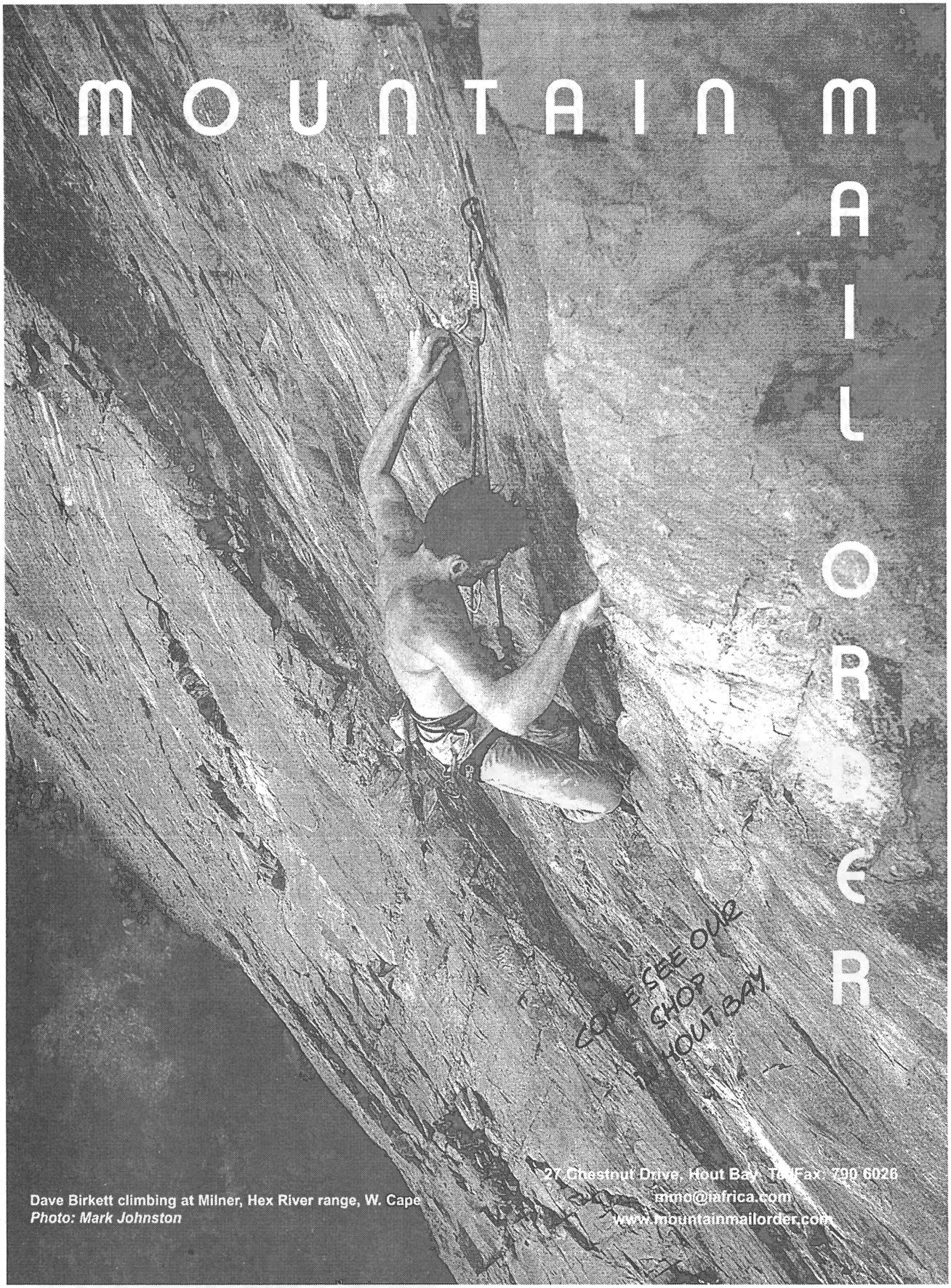


"*I am nothing more than a single narrow gasping lung floating over the mists and the summits.*" Reinhold Messner on the summit of Everest

"*Greg's back and he says 'Bloody Buggery Bollox it's good to be back'*" - Greg Hutton-Squire 7/4/2002

who bloody cares





Dave Birkett climbing at Milner, Hex River range, W. Cape
Photo: Mark Johnston

27 Chestnut Drive, Hout Bay. Tel/Fax: 790 6026
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THE MSC QUIZ by Jacek and Kevin

Category 1: The Club

1.Who was the Chairman of the Mountain and Ski Club in 2002?
2.How many female chairman have there been in the MSC? Name her/them (if any).
3.In what year was the MSC formed?
- 1958
- 1942
- 1933
- 1927

4.How many glasses were broken at this year's cocktail party?
5.How old is the MSC Journal?
- 12 years
- 26 years
- 35 years
- 48 years

Category 2: People in the Club

1.Whose exhibition of trad climbing earlier this year ended in a helicopter rescue?
2.Give the full names of any two of the following three people
- Lotti
- The Pot Fairy
- Stud

3.Which Club member abused the mailing list to advertise their sexuality to the club?
4.Who said "You can't use peanut butter as lubricant"?
5.What did Mattieu de Villiers, Steve Bretherick and David Glass have in common?

Category 3: South African Mountains

1.What is the name of the highest peak in the Western Cape?
2.What is the name of the highest peak in South Africa and what is its height?
3.What is the age of Table Mountain?
4.What is the height in metres of Lion's Head?
5.Which multi-day hiking trail has a coffee shop at one of the huts?

Category 4: Incriminating Photographs

1.Match the correct photograph with the correct quizmaster.
2.Who skateboarded down Spitzkoppe?
3.What is the logo on the back of this T-shirt?
4.What is unusual about this photograph?
5.How many times has this shirt been washed?

Category 5: General Questions

1.According to Einstein's theory of relativity, will time speed up or slow down as you ascend a mountain?
2.Name the range of mountains that Bilbo Baggins crossed in *The Hobbit.*
3.On which tyre of the car must a banana peel be placed to prevent vehicle theft?
4.What would you use a pair of Rossignols for?
5.What is the emergency radio frequency in the Du Toit's Kloof Tunnel?
90 Mhz
94 Mhz
98 Mhz
100 MHz

Category 6: Big Expeditions

1.What is the name of the highest free-standing mountain in the world?
2.Where will one find the largest sandstone caves in the Southern Hemisphere?
3.Which 8000m peak remained unclimbed the longest?
K2
Shisha Pangma
Kanchenjunga
Gasherbrum II
Annapurna
Manaslu

4. Who was the first person to summit an 8000m peak?
5. Who was the first South African to summit an 8000m peak, and what was the name of the peak?

Category 7: Everest

1.Who was the first person to successfully summit Everest?
2.What is the original (local) name for Mount Everest?
3.Which is higher: The South Summit of Mount Everest or K2?
4.Which Uzbekistani was involved in the

disaster on Everest on 10 May 1996?
5.In May 1996, 11 people died attempting to summit Everest. The event caused a British mountaineer to rip down and urinate on a particular country's flag in disgust. Which country?

Category 8: The Huts
1.How many huts are there on Zuurberg?
2.Who is the most common visitor to Hoare Hut?
3.What does the plaque at the Pew say?
4.Which book do the lines on the Middle Hut plaque come from and who was the author?
5.Name two people whose lives are commemorated by the plaques at Pells Hut.

Category 9: More Incriminating Photographs
1. Whose ass is this?
2. What hike is this?
3. What mountain range is this?
4. Spot the old and new chairman.
5. Who got a dead bird for Christmas?

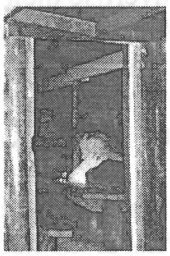
Category 10: Zuurberg
1.Who is Zuurberg's Meyer? Give his full name.
2.What is the name of the river that drains Grassy Triangle into Middle Pool?
3.What is the highest point on Zuurberg, and how high is it?
4.What is the highest peak that you can see while seated on the Pew?
5.In what year did the access saga over Vredehoek begin?
1993
1990
1985
1982
1974

Category 11: Climbing
1.If Mark Goosen falls off a grade 12 route 10m above an oblivious Dave Glass, and falls 10m past Dave before the rope catches him, what is the factor of the fall?
2.Which climber perfected the 3m squat in Oudtshoorn?
3.The tripod is:
A nickname for David Glass
A strange sexual position
A new belay device from Petzl
4.A reverso is
A nickname for David Glass
A strange sexual position
A new belay device from Petzl
5. What, specifically, would you do with two Boreal Ninja's?

Category 12: Rediculous Answers to Sensible Quesitons
1. What is the most important piece of equipment the modern mountaineer should carry in their backpack?
2. What does UCT MSC stand for?
3. A handjam is ...
4. A layback is ...
5. You are leading an expedition up the ferocious Khanshung face in a blizzard when the rest of the party deserts you. What do you do?

4.1 


4.2 
4.3 

4.4 
4.5 

9.1 
9.2 

9.3 
9.5 

9.4 

The Answers! (with some strange answers from the teams who competed on the night!!!)

Category 1: The Club

1 Wolraad Euvrard
2. 2 Janna Ball and Julia Wakeling
3. 1933 (not 1942)
4. 43 (not 7 or 80)
5. 48 years old

Category 2: People in the Club

1 Dave Acott
2. Lotti = Bridget Magni
 The Pot Fairy = Kevin Iles
 Stud = Michael Sands (and if you got that wrong!?!?!?!)
3. Well, it seemed like Adriano Iorio, but technically speaking, it was Ben Knights!
4. Bronwyn Kirk (on the Drakensberg hike)
5. They all went out with Ruth Woudstra (Answer is NOT venereal warts!)

Category 3: SA Mountains

1 Seweweekepoortpiek (not Sneeukop or Matroosberg)
2. Mafadi 3451m (not 3148 / 3481 / 4321)
3. 400-500 my old
4. 669m (not 649 / 569.8 / 696 / 748m)
5. Outeniqua (not Port St Johns to Coffee Bay/Strandloper)

Category 4: Incriminating photographs

1 J & K
2. Matt Britton (and everyone knew that!)
3. Students with Altitude (and everyone knew that too!)
4. Kevin is drinking champagne (it's not strange that he's carrying a Christmas tree, mind you!)
5. zero (and everyone got it right!)

Category 5: General Questions

1 Speed up! (everyone got this wrong!)
2. The Misty Mountains (everyone got it right!)
3. rear left (and if you don't know that, then you clearly aren't in this club!)
4. skiing ("but you wouldn't believe what else they can be used for!")
5. 94 MHz

Category 6: Big Expeditions

1 Kilimanjaro
2. Table Mountain (not the Cango Caves)
3. Shisha Pangma (no-one got this right!!!!)
4. Maurice Herzog + (Anita: "One of my relatives")
5. Ian Woods (Cho Oyu) (Ruth: "Jacek Stankiewicz in his past life")

Category 7: Everest

1 Tenzing Norgay or Edmund Hilary (became Sir)
2. Sagamartha / Chomolunga (Meaning: Mother goddess of the World Dave Acott: what Julia wishes she was!) (Ed's note: and I was in his team!) (not: Mudumeni: Big Mountain)
3. South Summit
4. Trick question: there were no Uzbekistani's there! (2 Blondes and a redhead: "Osama Bin Laden's second cousin's husband's best buddies' twin brother")
5. Japan (not American, Taiwan, SA, French…hell, people tried anything!)

Category 8: The Huts

1 3 (not 4 or 5 be carefully of property borders)

2. Rastus (and everyone got that right)
3. "Don't Hoot! I'm moving as fast as I can! E. Sealy"
4. The 13 Clocks by James Thurbert (not "Jones' Diary" by "Bob Jones")
5. David Thomalin, Shirley Drysdale, Harold Bokenham, Graham Rose (not "Jack Oopsifell" or "John Diedinaflash" Mike Mamacos is still alive)

Category 9: More Incriminating Photographs

1. Rich Milne's ass (not David Glass or Mark Goosen although these are likely answers!)
2. The Mad Hatter's Tea Party not the Amatola! (strange person!)
3. Swartberg (Ruth got it right!) (not Cederberg, Hex or Groot Winterhoek)
4. Julia 4th left, Wol far right
5. Nic Botha (not Greg Hutton-Squire he was on the other end of the deal!)

Category 10: Zuurberg

1 Volkert Robert Meyer
2. Blokspringkloof (not Gruelly River!)
3. Buffelshoek Peak (2056m)
4. Matroosberg (2249m) (not Waaihoek or Mostertshoek)
5. 1974 (eek!)

Category 11: Climbing

1. Factor 2
2. Angus Haig
3. Everyone said it was a nickname for David Glass Kama sutra actually
4. It's a new belay device from Petzl
5. Put them on your feet and go climbing (all got it right)

Category 12: Ridiculous answers to sensible questions

1.a) Electric toothbrush that doubles up as a vibrator.
b) Y2K-Y jelly
c) Spare car battery "Energizer is best"
d) Helicopter with "hot sexy female pilot" (as stated by Rich Milne)
e) German Prostitute
2a) Uncouth City Twisters Must Suck Candles
b) University of Cape Town, Most Sober Club
c) United China Town Maphrodite Show-off Club
d) Undergraduate Car Travelling to Mountains to Score Chicks
e) Universal Coital Team Mount and Suck Club
3.a) Is what you get if you don't have toilet paper!
b) see answer 1 (ie Y2K-Y jelly)
c) Decidedly worse than toe-jam!
d) What happens if you don't let go of the ski-lift cable!
e) Like toe-jam, except it tastes better!
4.a) What most male climbers want to do to Jo Hotchkiss
b) Assistant to the winner of the "Spader of the Year" award!
c) Retro-active bonk
d) An egg reform programme
e) When you're soloing TM naked and you don't have any trad gear you "improvise" with a male body part!
5.a) Have a break have a kit-kat, and then pull out the electric toothbrush we always have with us.
b) Finish the booze alone!
c) Dig a hole and bury yourself in the ground after finishing all the booze yourself.
d) Get off the mountain using your helicopter and score the pilot at the bottom shaken, not stirred!
e) You start eating yourself!



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